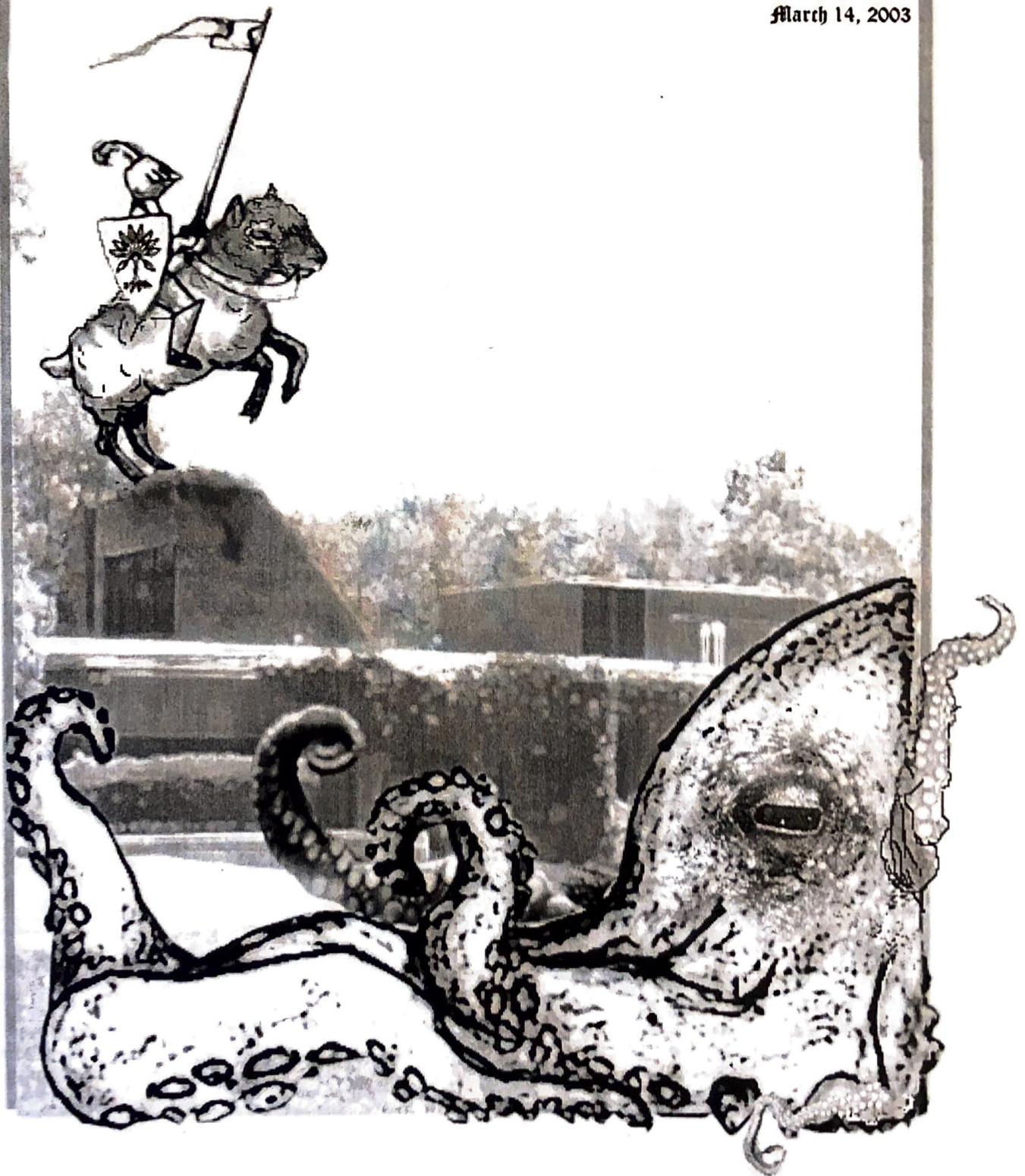


THE OMEN

Volume 20
Number 3
March 14, 2003





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Volume 20, Number 3

March 14, 2003

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Fantabulous!

Super-riffic!

Gi-normous!

Lactose Intolerant! (seriously!)

Positively Beamish!

Hot Shit!

Beyond Reproach!

Of Formidable Competency!

Make You Strong!

Smooth Like Butter!

Now With More Sodium!

Lascivious Latina!

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

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Layout Staff

volume 20 number 3



to submit

Submissions are due Saturdays before 5 p.m. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Justin Philpot **Enfield 65C, Box 1448, x4883**. You may also use e-mail. Send e-mail submissions to **jup97@hampshire.edu**.

And be sure to read our policy
box at the bottom of the next
page before submitting.

Visit the Omen's very simple
website at omen.hampshire.edu

Maybe if you're teaching
the reproductive system
you should have a big penis.

quote attributed to
Beth Day

PREDICTIONS CAUSE I'M SCARED

editorial



By: Justin Philpot, Editor-in-Chief

As I'm sure has been the case with many students at Hampshire recently, talking about possible war with Iraq has practically become habit. There is no way to avoid it. If you're a conscious human being, or even just a passive receiver, you know what's going on. For myself, everyday and every new conversation gives me one more reason to move to a nice cabin somewhere in Australia and begin a long and mutually destructive relationship with small batch bourbon.

It's the 9th as I write this. The first 100 issues of this will come out on Friday, March 14th. The rest of the run will be distributed on the Monday after Spring Break, the 24th. I expect that by then the United States will be actively engaging in some serious military action against Iraq. I hope I'm wrong. I'm putting my money on 12:01am, March 18th as zero hour. Any decision to attack will be made then. It could happen that as the Irish and Irish-lovers celebrate, some poor janitor in an Iraqi government building will have his job terminated by a 2000lb warhead attached to a multi-million dollar cruise missile.

A comprehensive air campaign will be the backbone of any US invasion. This is because Iraq has a technologically sophisticated air defense system, and in modern warfare complete control of the airspace above the field of battle is integral to a successful campaign. Currently, the US Air Force and the US Navy rely on "stand off" weapons such as cruise missiles to effectively neutralize air defense systems without putting pilots at risk, although stealth aircraft will be a part of the initial attack as well.

Infrastructure and command and control will be priority targets in the first few days. Power

plants, bridges, dual use facilities and government buildings will be priority targets, as well as air control centers and airports. Troop assembly points, bases, and relay stations will most likely be hit by aircraft, as the conditions on target are subject to change. Targets of opportunity are left to pilot discretion, should he have adequate fuel and ammunition.

Special operations helicopters will insert commandos in any number of strategic locations, to monitor roadways, mobile missile launchers and waterways to provide up to the minute eyes-on intelligence. As was the case with the first Gulf War, special operations forces will be responsible for deception operations as well, drawing Iraqi forces away from the critical points for the impending ground attack.

As strong as the US Air Force is, there is no substitute for the soldier on the ground. You cannot hold a city with an A-10, you need an 18 year-old with a machine gun to stand on a street corner. You need to assert your power physically, but presenting a constant image of authority in a context that is undeniably in control.

The problem with that is the fact that there is no way any citizen of any country in the Middle East would look upon a member of the US military as anything other than invader. That soldier on the corner represents the beginning of a long, bloody occupation of a sovereign nation by teenagers. People who cannot legally buy beer in this country will be charged with keeping Iraqi doctors to curfew, ushering Iraqi teachers to school, and closing Iraqi streets to pedestrian traffic. The young will guard and command the battered and bruised for something they may or may not understand. Somebody from whom I wouldn't purchase a stereo is the extension of US Imperialism.

If that, too, isn't wrong, where is the line drawn?



policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will not edit anything you write

(except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no *Omen* staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Airport Lounge at 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.



SECTION SPEAK



News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

RESPONSE TO "WE ARE NOTHING"

As both a Counselor Advocate and a member of the Hampshire community, I feel a responsibility to respond to Brett Engle's article in the last issue of "The Omen", entitled "We are Nothing." I don't usually read the Omen, but at the Counselor Advocate meeting last week, Mr. Engle's article was brought to my attention. At the meeting I read the first few paragraphs and was so disturbed that I wasn't able to read any more. Over the next few days I forced myself to read the entire article because I felt a strong obligation to respond and knew that I couldn't adequately respond having only read part of it. Now that I've read the whole thing, I wish I had followed my first instinct and not continued.

The debate about the article on the Daily Jolt frustrated me further. I understand the viewpoint that Mr. Engle intended to portray his disgust for the rapists in the story and was writing a social commentary, however in my reading of the text, I am left with a very different message. George W. Bush's speech to the country on Thursday and Brett Engle's article must have had the same person guiding them when they wrote their respective speech/story, for both apparently thought that slipping in a "this is my last resort" and "these men are scum of the earth" would negate everything else being said, and leave people believing in those statements. I'm sorry, but I have to say that I am not convinced by either President Bush's speech or by Mr. Engle's story, that they themselves believed these interjec-

tions.

I understand and uphold our country's First Amendment, freedom of speech, and while I strongly believe in each person's right to speak his/her mind, I also believe that we have a responsibility to take into consideration how our words will affect the people around us. While I'm not saying that rape and physical violence should not be written about, I do strongly believe that they have no place in erotica. Making them into fantasy and glorifying these horrific acts disregards, demeans, diminishes, and insults the large percentage of the population who have experienced such things. I urge writers for the Omen to think strongly about their choices before they submit an article. While it may just be a story to the writer, these stories can leave lasting effects on both individuals and the community as a whole.

I was left, after reading this article, feeling saddened to be a member of Hampshire community—a community that puts such an emphasis on freedom of speech that we disregard the power of the written word. Not only this, but after reading responses to the post on the daily jolt, I am frightened by our community's acceptance of such writing and the ease at which the community can cover it up and write it off as just another article in the Omen. What is written in our publications is a reflection of the school as a whole. I, for one, do not want to be a member of a group that believes that writing of this nature

Continued onnext page

BY: ALIZA YARROW

IN RESPONSE TO RECENT DISCUSSIONS...

BY: JESSIE ROBLE

The Counselor Advocates run the on-campus peer counseling hotline. We are trained to help people around issues of sexual assault as well as several other issues such as eating disorders, depression, stress, and suicide. We are happy to help people find resources and to talk to allies and supporters.

Each semester new Counselor Advocates go through extensive training to prepare them to take on this role in our community. Although it would be fantastic to live in a world where every individual was aware of sexual assault and its effects, we realize that myths and

a lack of awareness abound on our campus. It is not that students do not care about these issues, but rather that they are not educated enough about them.

This semester we look forward to holding educational events for the community. Every April we participate in the Five College Clothes Line project which gives victims a chance to be heard and helps educate the community. Currently a Survivor's Support Group meets in the CA space above the Women's Center on Tuesday nights. You can reach a Counselor Advocate 24 hours a day by calling switchboard at

x5424 and asking to have a CA paged. Don't worry about waking us up, that's what we're here for. For more information or suggestions for programming call Karen Pauly, x5743 Community Health Coordinator.

While we support freedom of speech and the Omen's policy to provide a forum for this; we feel it necessary to respond to recent controversy surrounding misconceptions about rape ("We are Nothing" by Brett Engle.) We would also like to respond to other misconceptions that may exist in our community. Victims of rape are

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is acceptable.

I found the racial stereotypes in Mr. Engle's story to be highly offensive, I found his portrayal of women to be disgusting, and his graphic portrayal of violence disheartening and frightening. If one is going to take on the responsibility of writing about violent acts of sexual assault, at least take the time to research a victim's response to such acts. From the training I have received, Mr. Engle's assertion that the victim enjoyed being sexually violated subconsciously is inappropriate and a gross factual misrepresentation. To state this as fact, even in story form, sends the message that people enjoy being raped, and unfortunately, no matter what else is written in a story, this may be the one thing that sticks in someone's mind. Someone believing this could easily use it as an excuse during his/her sexual encounters to come. Because so many people believe what they read, writers have a responsibility to make sure that their facts are accurate. I urge future writers to make sure they know what they're stating is factually correct before they publish.

Given the graphic nature of "We are Nothing," I'd like to offer my sincere apologies to anyone who was offended. If anyone is left feeling unsafe or scared as a response to this article, please call a counselor advocate for support. If you or someone you know is experiencing flashbacks (as this article is likely to evoke them in victim/survivors) and would like support or guidance in how to help yourself or your friend, please call a counselor advocate. If old memories are stirred up and you need someone to talk to, please call a counselor advocate. The range of emotions that an article such as "We are Nothing" can evoke in others is huge, and it's not possible for me to have included everyone in the few things I have mentioned above. If you are in any way feeling isolated, confused, scared, or emotional about this (and as always, about anything else in your life) please don't hesitate to call a counselor advocate. We can be reached 24 hours a day, 6 days a week by calling switchboard at x5424 and asking to have us paged. For those who are interested and want a forum to speak about their experiences or to receive information about how to help others who have been assaulted, the Counselor Advocates are currently working on putting together a speak-out, a workshop for allies, and a workshop on sexual consent.

I am hopeful that in the future, individual writers will think more carefully about what is acceptable to publish—even in a publication that will publish anything.



PROTESTING UNDER PROTEST

by: Joseph "Lemmy" Rosenbaum

So on Wednesday we had a protest, and I protested – against the protest. Well, I wasn't very loud about it, no marching, shouting, postering (my spell check wants to change this to pestering), or sitting right in front of people as they leave Saga so that they have to deal with you and feel guilty if they refuse to help. But I did get a couple good comics out of it, so it wasn't a total waste. Just as I expected, though, the protest was useless. It did not seem to make a bit of difference in President Bush's speech on Thursday. And, irrespective of what I might think of our president, it was a good speech. It made sense, whether or not you agree with it, and I didn't hear too many slip ups either. When Bush got to the questions he started to repeat himself, and he didn't answer that question about whether our goal is to capture Saddam dead or alive – "there will be a regime change," he said. But, show me a politician who doesn't repeat his points and dodge questions, and I'll show you a politician who is so clever that it does not seem as though he's doing so.

Ok, that's enough about politics, I try not to worry about it too much. This is about the protest, after all, and why I think it was a bad idea. But first, some disclaimers. For one, I am against the war. I think Saddam does have weapons. Bush is right, if he'd gotten rid of them, we'd know about it. The catch is, in the case that Saddam doesn't have weapons, we should mind our own business. And, if he does have weapons, don't you think he would use

them before he gets booted from power? That's what scares me, the retaliation factor. Bush says the cost of waiting is higher than the cost of attacking, but I disagree. So far, Saddam seems content to not use whatever weapons he has. Let's not provoke him.

I am also not against protests in general. I do think Hampshire has too many of them, as if we expect sweeping changes to happen all of a sudden, even while we have a government that does not support us liberal democrats. Even so, there's nothing wrong with a good campaign to make sure the government knows what the people want. Of course, I really don't care what the people want, just so long as the government knows what I want – but I digress.

So we've got this BOOKS NOT BOMBS protest. Hey, sounds great to me, but can anyone tell me how skipping class promotes books? In effect, bombs won out on Wednesday, with books tossed aside. If you want to have a teach in, march, and whatever else was going on, by all means, knock yourself out. But do it on your own time, like an evening or a weekend, not in place of class. Or if you have to do it on a weekday, keep class on. Students can still go to the events, but they'll need to make up whatever they missed. Although the college did not officially cancel class, many professors canceled class and made it to easy for the students to go to the events. I say too easy because a protest ought to involve some kind of sacrifice, some sort of hardship that tells the government, "Hey, I'm willing to put in extra time in class later

on, because I oppose the war so much." With classes canceled, the protest events were something you could do if you felt like it. And if not... Tuesday was Mardi Gras, right? PARTY ALL NIGHT LONG!!!

I'm told that between two and three hundred people attended the events on Wednesday. That's pretty good for a Hampshire event, but it's hardly all-community, and frankly I consider that a disappointingly low turnout given how many classes were canceled. But then again, I shouldn't be surprised. After all, with my classes canceled, I spent the day getting work done – including lunch time, since I was not going to support the protest by eating at the RCC. Dakin had a fire drill, and it sure seemed as though many people had been in their rooms, doing stuff that I'm sure was worthwhile but not participating in the strike. The fact of the matter is, most people didn't seem to care about the protest. I heard very little about it until Monday the 3rd, and Community Council passed a resolution in support of it before I'd heard more than that some strike thing was being considered. Though there were some previous requests for information about the strike on the Jolt, the first thread actually discussing the strike didn't start until Tuesday evening, and it wasn't as long as I'd hoped. There was a longer thread the next day complaining about Wednesday's lunch. Did everybody just assume that we were all in support of this strike? Or maybe did people just want the

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IN RESPONSE TO...

not in any way responsible for what happened to them. Wearing "provocative" clothing is not an invitation for sex, nor is having a certain look in one's eyes. Sexual assault is always a violation. Consent is an essential element to safe sexual activity.

The Massachusetts definition of rape is penetration without consent. This includes cases where victims are incapable of giving consent due to consumption of substances or in the case that they are unconscious at the time of the assault. THIS IS LEGALLY CONSIDERED RAPE. Rape hurts, both emotionally and physically.

Some people feel that the motives of the rapist are important. Was the perpetrator drunk? Does the rapist feel bad about what they did? We are here to support victims, provide resources, and help allies. They are the individuals who have to deal with the devastating effects of being forced to participate in sexual activity against their will, without their consent. We recognize that 1 in 3 women will be sexually assaulted in her lifetime. Research shows that men can also be victims of sexual abuse. Only 2 percent of reported sexual assaults are false, and that percentage is no higher than false reports of any other type of crime. Research shows that the average rapist will rape 7 times before being caught. (Statistics from Everywoman's Center, UMASS Amherst)

We encourage anyone who wants to talk with a peer counselor to give our crisis line a call. If you're not sure what has happened to you, give us a call. If you want to know where to get help or need someone to be with you while you make reports or get medical treatment, give us a call. We are here for all genders, give us a call. If you want to know how you can help a friend, we're here. If you're not sure about something you did, you can talk with you about it. Or if you want to talk about another issue altogether, feel free to call us.

We don't have all the answers, but we are here to listen, talk to you, and help you access the resources and services available to you.



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PROTESTING

day off from class? I mean, anything that gets me out of class is certainly worth considering.

The books not bombs protest would have been more effective if it had actually incorporated books – in other words, been done as part of class. The strike made it way too easy to just ignore the whole thing and sleep in. Classes should have been required, and could either be longer – "Hey, I like books so much I'm just gonna stay in class for a while!" – or they could include a discussion on the war, a discussion, mind you, not merely anti-war propaganda. This way valuable class time would not be lost, and anyone with Wednesday classes would be insured of learning something about the war. The 5PM strike could still be held, and anyone cutting out of class to attend would risk the consequences.

Alternatively, anyone skipping class on Wednesday could have been required to watch Bush's speech on Thursday and write a paper on it. Surely after hearing both sides of the argument they would have something valuable to say, and this would reduce the slack-off factor.

The last reason I opposed the strike was because it was doomed to fail from the start. Remember, people, the Presidency, House, and Senate are controlled by the Republicans, whether or not we like it. Where the Reps are in agreement, as they appear to be on this issue, the Democrats are done. We had no reasonable chance of persuading the government, especially now that the choice is now in the hands of Bush alone, not Congress. Perhaps if we had convinced the Dems to stall for time before they helped increase Bush's war powers, it would be another situation. But the fact of the matter is, until the next election the Democrats can only hope to effect legislation where the Republicans are divided. Since this does not appear to be the case here, the protest's efforts were in vain.

Greg Prince has already announced that our normal routine will be interrupted when and if (now basically just when) war breaks out. I oppose this decision for similar reasons. But since I doubt my words will have much impact, the best I can do is direct my efforts toward Saga, such that we will have a real lunch those days. When you get right down to it, that's all that really matters anyway.



A NEW DAY DAWNS

by: Jason Wojciechowski

Hampshire students have probably all noticed by now that *The Forward* has passed on, replaced by a (surprisingly similar looking) paper called *The Climax*. From the very beginning, in the Letter From the Editors, with the line "...as you see a seemingly new and unique Hampshire newspaper..." the new editors attempt to distance themselves from the old paper. Let's see: same logo, same layout, same gigantic Sibley's ad. I'm not seeing any differences yet. Well, wait, there's more to this Letter. Why don't we reserve judgment and carry on.

"[We] hope to be able to do a better job of serving the Hampshire community than our predecessor did," say the editors. Standard protocol when there's a lack of competition (i.e. you aren't trying to sell your paper while mine is still in existence) might be to compliment the paper/regime you're replacing, or at the very least not say anything about your predecessors and simply note without insults or derision what you plan to do. New editors Peter Curtis and JP Hitesman have failed the etiquette test already.

This dissing of *The Forward* is so far out of line, it's not funny. As first year students, do Messrs. Curtis and Hitesman know about the history of *The Forward*? It's certainly possible they do, but this attitude, that the paper should be declared a failure, is ignorant of the his-

tory. In the Spring semester of '99, *The Forward*'s editor and founder was brought to CRB on libel charges, and as a result, was not allowed to be involved with publications after that. That set the stage for my first semester, which was also the first semester of the outgoing *Forward* editors. As those of you who were around then well remember, *The Forward* was a disaster, with most of its content being drawn from the inter-

This dissing of The Forward is so far out of line, it's not funny

net, much of it a newsletter written by Michael Moore. The copy developed on campus was often published anonymously, under the moniker "The Red Flag," a group of students who ... well, who knows what their aim was. My second year, there was all of one issue published. After that, Jessi Swenson took over and, when she went on leave for the Spring '02 semester, Austen Rachlis grabbed the reins. The paper was published more often, without anonymous articles and without reprintings from the internet. The focus of the paper also started to change, as the editors realized that a "hard-news" based paper would not work, as mentioned in the last paragraph. *The Forward* going in to this semester was far from a finished product. Perhaps it was only a car going 30 mph, when it should have been going 60, but Ms. Swenson and Ms. Rachlis built that car from

scratch. That Messrs. Curtis and Hitesman have declared the project a failure despite only seeing it run for one semester doesn't speak well for their vision.

Back to the content: "With an intention to focus on student life and news as it arises, we hope to be as immediate as possible on relaying news and events of all community interest." Nice hedging with the "as possible" bit. If you think you'll

be able to keep up with the news on campus as an at-best-

biweekly paper, you're delusional. Just as an example, the review of Julian Velard's performance at the Tavern ("No More Love Songs," pg. 5) is around three weeks late at this point. Slack can be cut because it's a review, not a "hard news" story, so the timeliness isn't such a big deal. On the other hand, we've also got, on the front page, "Excitement at the Outdoor Festival." The first sentence states that the event kicked off "Tuesday evening." Which Tuesday? Given that today is Friday, March 7, I'd assume, without context, that means Tuesday, March 4. Imagine my surprise, then, when the article later refers to Friday in the past tense.

The point is not to blast writer Bonnie Obremski for not putting the date in her article. The point is that, due to no

fault of her own, her hard news story is dated. It's old news. The important part of the article comes on the continuation on the fourth page, when Ms. Obremski notes that "it is uncertain whether the event will survive another year." That, in my opinion, is where the campus paper should be focusing its attention and energy. While what happened at the event this year just gets stale as time goes by, especially given the short attention span of the average college student, the possible death of the Outdoor Festival actually gets *more* immediate as time goes on, as it draws closer to extinction. There's an opportunity to focus on a particular issue and come at it from a number of perspectives (students in general, outdoors-y students, administration, outdoors administration, and so on), educating the community about what's going on with the Festival, while also being able to make a larger point about a lack of continuity in Hampshire activities and student groups.

Enough editorializing. It's full disclosure time. I was the copy editor and a news writer for *The Forward*, having been enticed to join by my girlfriend and then-editor Ms. Rachlis, and had intended to continue in at least the copy editing capacity with the paper this semester. I received notice of a meeting at the beginning of the semester, but, mostly because I work about twenty hours a week in addition to schoolwork, couldn't make it. I emailed Messrs. Curtis and Hitesman informing them of this, and asking that they keep me up to date. I never heard back.

Indulge me for a moment:

I have a friend who likes reading LiveJournals (<http://www.livejournal.com>), especially those of Hampshire students. I was browsing through the list of journals she reads once when I came upon Mr. Hitesman's journal. To my great surprise, I learned that a "revitalized Hampshire newspaper" had been delivered to the printers a few days earlier, though I still had not heard a peep out of the editors about my prospective interest in helping. Clearly, I was no longer welcome as copy editor. I soon discovered that former arts editor Zach Bloom and former arts writer Gabe Valdez were in almost exactly the same boat. This smells of regime change, which is a patently ridiculous notion for a notoriously understaffed newspaper at a tiny school. At best, not sending an email saying I wasn't needed is rudeness, and at worst, it's paranoia or some sort of odd power-hunger.

Much of the paper strikes me as kind of ridiculous. The lead article, "The State of the Anti-War," is a hodge-podge of opinion and fact. There's no indication that this is an op-ed piece, so one would assume it's a hard-facts article, which it most clearly is not. This is irresponsible on the part of the editors, if not necessarily the writer, though in this case things get murky, as Mr. Parakilas is listed as an associate editor in addition to being a staff writer. Luckily for the readers, Mr. Parakilas never makes an attempt to be objective, so we aren't really under the impression that, for example, the anti-war movement actually is "amazing" in fact, not just opinion. Even

putting all that aside, though, we see the same lack of timeliness displayed earlier. The continuation on page 4 mentions February 26 in the future tense, despite the paper's purported March 3 publication date.

I'm realizing that the more shots I take at *The Climax*, the more ridiculous I look. After all, I'm the one who wasn't even worthy of working for this paper. I'm only making myself look bad. As much as I've complained about *The Omen*'s contributors seeming to lay into every issue of *The Forward* in the past, I'm now doing the same for *The Climax*. It's different, though, because it's personal. Open season on the campus newspaper (as it makes its return to attempting to be the facts and hard-news based paper it can never be) begins again.

That said, I can't resist taking a few parting shots at Jessica Tarrand's Oscars column. On *Chicago*, her note that the three main characters are shallow and manipulative misses the point, I think. Aren't they supposed to be shallow and manipulative? Also, the comment "It's been so long since we saw a movie musical?" Is *Moulin Rouge* so easily forgotten, despite multiple Oscar wins?

Ms. Tarrand's comment that she refuses to see *Gangs of New York* because it stars Leonardo DiCaprio (as opposed to Decaprio, as Ms. Tarrand insists on spelling it, something a copy editor would certainly have caught) should be an unacceptable position from someone who claims to write film reviews for a publication that passes itself off as a newspaper. Even

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A RESPONSE TO MARCH 5TH

by: Kaitlynn Miller

When asked about the New York City protest on February 15, Sulak Sivaraksa, an activist who came to talk to my Buddhism class, said that if people join together, they should do it because of compassion, not hate. By screaming, "Bush sucks!" or other hateful phrases, people are spreading hate, rather than creating understanding. On the topic of understanding and knowledge, the signs advertising the "March 5 strike" asking, "want to learn more about the war?...understand what is REALLY going on" promised (as did the letter from Greg Prince) that we could gain "wisdom" by attending the teach-in on March 5.

I attended the teach-in and I do not feel more "educated" than before. The morning consisted of anti-war propaganda flyers being shoved in my face as I sat at a

table listening to the speakers talk for five minutes each- most of whom revved up listeners to protest the war. In the short amount of time they were allowed, most speakers were not able to get across the ideas they wished to. If they did, most of the time the message was one almost everyone in the room already agreed with- war with Iraq at this point is not something the U.S. should be involved in.

In an email that was sent to all Hampshire students on February 27, Greg Prince explained, "we would like to encourage all members of the community, whatever their position on Iraq, to engage in these events, taking positions, respecting differences of opinion." When one speaker asked, "is anyone for the war?" and there was a silence, he said, "good". It was made quite apparent that variances in opinions were not accepted. The "teach-in"

failed to offer an educational setting, providing anti-war movement motivation. Even as far as the presentation goes, the way in which it should have been organized relates back to Sivaraksa's idea of spreading compassion rather than hate.

Rather than participating in an "anti-war" movement, why not take part in a "pro-peace" movement? Why should we follow the radical cheerleaders as they give "the finger", while screaming angered cheers? Why should we laugh and join in on the Bush-bashing session whether it's at the teach-in or anywhere else when we all know that we too, make mistakes when speaking? Aren't liberals supposed to be open-minded? Why not try to have the patience to understand, learn and respect? Aren't those things that most people were taught in kindergarten?



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A NEW DAY DAWNS

supposing Mr. DiCaprio was a bad actor years ago, he's certainly become a good one lately, as his work in *Gangs* drew some positive reviews and he was nothing short of excellent in *Catch Me If You Can*. Meanwhile, the position that he was ever bad is tenuous at best: he was nominated for both the Golden Globe and Oscar for best supporting actor in *What's Eating Gilbert Grape* in 1993. Leaving Mr. DiCaprio for a second, let's suppose that it was actually Justin Timberlake playing that part. *Gangs* would still be worth seeing for Daniel Day Lewis's comeback and because Martin Scorsese is one of America's greatest directors. I'm amazed that not one of these reviews mentioned a director, writer, cinematographer, or anybody who did not appear in front of the camera. Ms. Tarrand might be better off referring to her columns as "actor reviews" in the future.

Does this article, in the end, have a point? I want Hampshire to have a solid newspaper- or magazine-style publication. I worry that the trend Messrs. Hitesman and Curtis have begun will not see *The Climax* through to that goal. Alienating older students and ignoring history (regardless of how much they appeal to that history for their publication's name) seems more likely to result in the publication crashing and burning in the end than in it reaching the finishing line.



UNTITLED

Yo mama's good at math, 'cause SHE'S A WHORE!
Yo mama don't get enough calcium-she's all brittle and shit.
Yo mama bought an Xbox. Bitch.
Yo mama can't hold her liquor, 'cause she got NO FUCKING HANDS!

Yo mama looks lousy.

Yo mama tips lousy.

Yo mama even looks lousy when I'm tipsy.

Yo mama got HBO- and the bitch don't even watch it.

Yo mama took too long to die.

Yo mama can't read, which is fine by me.

Yo mama saw *Gods and Generals*- IN THE THEATER!

Yo mama's cleaner than they say; bitch brushes her tooth three times a day.

Yo mama approaches the Iraq situation with blind simplicity.

Yo mama's one of the Old Ones; I meet her gaze and AWOOO- BLEARGH I'm insane.

Yo mama writes *The Simpsons* now. God Damn.

Yo mama's existence cannot be objectively proven.

Yo mama's broke ass is trying to build a Dyson sphere.

Yo mama farts like BLAOW!

Yo mama gets bent like a Gameboy Advance SP.

Yo mama runs a 15.2 mile. Lazy bitch.

Yo mama still can't tell Hall from Oates!

Yo mama hasn't got the new 50 Cent yet. Get with it, ho!
Yo mama got a better retention rate than Hampshire- IN HER ASS!

Yo mama got a low poly count.

Yo mama's blocking the TV- the T.A.T.U. video's on! MOVE, BITCH!

Yo mama can't pose for *Barely Legal* no more. Old ho.
Yo mama bought my Magic cards. Now the only land I tap is HER HUGE ASS!!

Yo mama got a webcam, if I'm to believe my e-mail.

Yo mama turned pro right outta high school.

Yo mama let me bust a nut on her chin. I chose a coconut; she's recovering nicely.

Yo mama smokes pot at every concert she at. Tell the bitch to GO HOME.

Yo mama kitschifies my culture-I don't know how, but I'm tired of that shit.

Yo mama's black heart made it snow. Cheer the bitch up.
Yo mama's so fat, she got a Starbucks in her ass. Good muffins, though.

Yo mama likes Kirk.

Yo mama fell down an escalator, all bumpitybumpitybumpity- bumpitybump and shit.

Yo mama couldn't hit an elephant at this distance.



by: Karl Moore



SECTION
SWEET

FORGET LATIN

by: Rebecca Costello

In my first Omen article, I complained about Hampshire. In my second, I praised it. For my third, I have decided to forgo the Hampshire theme entirely. But in favor of what? Not even Beth Day would give me the answer (tricky, I tell you.) In lieu of ideas from outside, I have decided to do a little feature on one of my very favorite things: languages.

I love languages. They are exciting and cool. Learning even the basics of a new language and being able to use them to correctly construct a sentence is so much fun for me. It's like learning magic - all those incantations get put together and wham, suddenly everyone nods and understands what you're trying to say. And people are so flattered when you make just an attempt at their language.

Yet very few people at Hampshire, and really at most colleges without a language requirement, even dabble in a language. While I do agree that you shouldn't study a language if you're never going to use it, I think that more people should consider the possibility of study abroad, and travel after college. Or even just being able to order fluently in Thai when you go to Thai Corner.

People also tend to select from the "Big Three" - French, German, and Spanish (although I know Japanese has quite a following.) While these can be very useful, and I myself am learning Spanish, I also want to encourage people to look to the smaller but oh-so-cool languages out there. With the combined language

departments of the other four schools in the Valley, as well as the Five College Self-Instructional Language Program for the really obscure stuff, you just have no excuse. So herein follows my list of Cool Overlooked Languages*:

*warning: I tend to regard difficulty and obscurity as potentially Cool. But if it's not a challenge, really, why do it?

1. **Thai.** This language has no plurals, no tenses, minimal gender, and no articles (articles are things like "the" and "an.") Basically, take everything that is hard about other languages, eliminate it, and you have Thai. Oh wait - add the tones. Thai is a tonal language, so the same word said with a different inflection means something entirely different. They also have a different and beautiful alphabet, based on Sanskrit.

2. **Finnish.** Thirty-two cases! Need I say more? (Cases are hard to explain - you'll have dealt with them if you've ever taken Latin or German - but just for comparison, English has two.) It's not related to anything but Estonian and Hungarian (very distantly) and also, in some obscure fasion, Korean. It has lots of words with double-umlaut vowels like "par-nemää". Numbers very simple and the spelling is very phonetic.

3. **Czech and Slovak.** These are two very similar but distinct languages. They don't have as many cases as Finnish, and they have letters like r and l and vowels. Like Thai, there are no articles. And they not only sound like Russian, but are in fact related to it

and can help in learning the whole Slavic family of languages.

4. **Sign Languages.** Many people assume that all countries have the same sign language. In fact, even countries with the same spoken and written languages can have entirely different sign languages (American and British, for example.) I have heard that American Sign Language is the *lingua franca* of the sign language world, so learning ASL may be your best bet. Sign languages are not just signed versions of the spoken languages; they have grammar and idioms all their own, as well as incorporating facial expressions and body language. (In sign, if asked "How are you?" you can't just sign "good" with a neutral expression on your face. That doesn't mean "good.") And, like Spanish, it's one of the few you'll actually have use for in this country.

That's all I have time for now, but think about these and other languages out there that are Obscure but Cool. "Who am I ever going to speak Finnish with?" I hear you asking. Well, duh. Finnish people. You were only ever going to speak French with the French (don't even think you could speak it in Quebec, you can't understand their accent.) And Finland is just as good as France, if not cleaner.

So next time you get that Self-Instructional Languages brochure in your box, don't just toss it in the recycling. Think, "This semester, I could be learning Wolof."



DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XLVI

by M. Zole

crunch crunch crunch

1

2

HAVING FINISHED MY SALAD, I AM UNSURE WHETHER I AM ALLOWED TO REUSE THIS FORK.

1

2

IS THERE STILL SALAD DRESSING ON IT?

YES.

1

2

WELL, THIS COMPLICATES MATTERS.

1

2

I AM FILLING OUT A 4F-SD8 FORM: REQUEST FOR SOILED FORK REPLACEMENT.

1

2

I'M SENDING IT TO YOU.

I'M RECEIVING IT FROM YOU.

1

2

I AM WAITING (W/ BATED BREATH) FOR YOUR REPLY.

1

2

IT SEEMS I HAVE MISPLACED YOUR SALAD FORM.

1

2

Sorry, a salad error has occurred.

1

2

WE LET THINGS GO AND WE LET THINGS STAY. WWW.ZOLE.ORG AND MORE THINGS SLIP BY EVERY SINGLE DAY

SHOWDOWN IN I-Rocco

by: Karl Moore

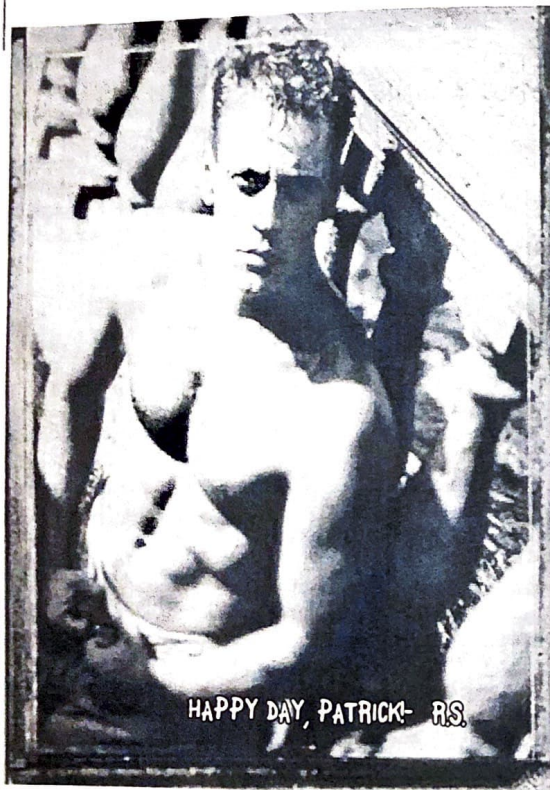
Ah, Hampshire, is good to write again! I with new work-I weapon inspector! Look for wespons in asses of Czech girl! No weapons chemical, but good time. I more of weapon, yes- of ass destruction. The Bush president keeping me away from drunken aughters! Heh!

Iraq! Iraq! Iraq! All everybody is talking! Like They say war is for oil. Everybody know oil in Iraq is shit. Is shit anywhere but in *mi Italia!* Olives for oil making, not rotting dinosaur!

Also, all I hearing is Bush this and that! Bush, is not bad- but is no compare to ass! Bush move all the time. Is ok on cock, but not perfect as embrace of *il recto*.

Is coming up day of St. Patrick. Suppose he drive all snakes out of Ireland. I know from experience see *Rocco's Gaelic Gangbang!* That least one big Italy snake in Ireland! Ha! More in Ireland than drunks and potato- books, yes. The Dylans Tomas, the Brendan Bahans, yes. More in Ireland to read than fucking Lucky Charms box! Lucky Charms is shit! Dust from saw and simple sugars- is all! Real cereal is Muselix, yes, from *Europa!*

Ah, time is time. Must assessing more asses! Ciao! Here is picture!



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A FEW WORDS ABOUT...

glowing memories of the force of nature that is Christian Drake.

I hope that I have conveyed to you that Christian Drake is a true hipster saint, and the epitome of awesome. Everything I wrote about Christian and my own feelings for him is true, although I admit that I may have embellished the Fifty Cent thing. It might have just been Shaun Trujillo, although mysteriously enough, he did excuse himself to perform on TRL. More on that later. But just one favor before this ends: if you see Christian around, don't throw yourself on him or follow him in worship, which would only cramp his style. No, don't sweat Christian Drake, except if you are an exceptionally beautiful woman, in which case Christian will treat you right. Otherwise, move upside, and let the man go through. Let the man go through.



YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO HEAR WHAT I HAVE TO SAY

by: James Potter

I did it again. I missed a deadline and now have to wait even longer to become a full on columnist. Ooops...oh well. Turning 21 will do that to a person. Anyway, I figure since I've come into contact with a whole bunch of new music since last we spoke, I'll give a brief run-down of everything I've been listening to over the last few weeks instead of writing a few in-depth reviews. Plus I'd like to take this opportunity to introduce a rating system that I'd like to use from this point forward. It's going to be based on how much something sucks instead of how good it is. For instance, if something gets a 0, it doesn't suck at all, whereas if it gets a 5, it sucks a lot. This week's categorization: Fox Reality Shows.

- 0=*Murder In Small Town X*
- 1=*Celebrity Boxing*
- 2=*American Idol*
- 3=*Temptation Island*
- 4=*Joe Millionaire*
- 5=*Married By America*

Colossal-Self Titled EP (2003, Asian Man Records)

The first I heard of this band was on an Asian Man Records Compilation that came out last year and I was rather impressed. They combine jazz, math rock, and emo influences to crank out some damn snazzy indie rock that comes across at times like a more melodic Joan of Arc. The six songs on this EP make me feel warm and fuzzy in a mope-rock kind of way, and I look forward to hearing more from this band of ex-members of Tuesday

and Flowers. This is *Murder in Small Town X*.

Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds- Nocturama (2003, Mute/Epitaph)

Compared to 1996's *Murder Ballads*, quite possibly the album that this evil-minded Australian is most known for, *Nocturama* is sunny day. Despite this, it's still an extremely moody record, jumping from a proto-punk tale of denial ("Dead Man in My Bed") that rivals the "raw power" of the Stooges (sorry, I had to...) right into a suicidal lounge-pop love song ("Still in Love"). Not to mention that "Bring it On," Cave's duet with Chris Bailey (lead singer of the early Aussie punk band The Saints), is good enough to knock out both Horshack and Screech. This is *Celebrity Boxing*.

A Static Lullaby...And Don't Forget to Breathe (2003, Ferret Music Corp.)

Aside from a fairly blatant Thursday rip-off (listen to the chorus of A Static Lullaby's "Lip Gloss and Let Down" and then to "Understanding in a Car Crash" by Thursday and you'll hear it), A Static Lullaby has produced a competent and promising debut full-length. Sometimes melodic, sometimes explosive, and always heartbroken and self-pitying, this record probably won't be for everyone. It is, however, a great release in its genre (I'd venture to call it "killyourself-core"), and has a spark of originality to it. If this

album were *Celebrity Boxing*, it would be Grade vs. The Used and Thursday is ref-ing.

Ted Leo and The Pharmacists- Hearts of Oak (2003, Lookout Records)

Hands down, this is the best record of the year so far. Mixing Billy Bragg, Elvis Costello, The Jam, The English Beat, and a healthy dose of socio-political lyrical leanings while still remaining forlorn and contemplative, Ted Leo should be put up there with the Misfits and Bruce Springsteen as New Jersey's best musical exports. The entire album is cut with an intelligence that is only rarely found in most music this poppy, and that only makes the melodies and amazing hooks all the better. Plus, it's danceable in a mod rock/new wave kind of way. It is my professional opinion that you should all go buy this album, and go see Ted perform live on April 6th at Pearl Street. This is *Murder in Small Town X*, and Ted Leo has solved the mystery.



Grant Money Available

Are you a Div. II or Div. III student studying sustainability issues? Thanks to the generosity of Sam Morris (F97) and his family, the Samuel Morris Grant is currently available. Pick up a simple application in the NS or SS offices and return it by March 28. The max. award is \$400.

PSA from: Renee Kinchla

HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE: STUDENTS SPEND SPRING BREAK BUILDING HOUSES WITH HABITAT FOR HUMANITY

PSA from: Diana Dukhanova

Amherst, MA. More than 20 students from Hampshire College will be spending spring break in Lynchburg, VA building houses through Habitat for Humanity's Collegiate Challenge program. Students will work with Greater Lynchburg Habitat for Humanity from March 17th to March 23rd.

In addition to donating their time and energy to build houses, students raised more than \$2,000 for Greater Lynchburg Habitat for Humanity to build the home they are constructing as well as future homes in the area.

"I really wanted to do something hands-on to help people this Spring Break," says a par-

ticipating student. "I think it's going to be a great program—lots of fun and very helpful to people in Lynchburg."

Collegiate Challenge is a year-round program, coordinated through the Collegiate Challenge Team at Habitat for Humanity International in Americus, GA. More than 10,500 students from more than 700 colleges, universities and high schools will work at more than 175 sites nationwide for Collegiate Challenge: Spring Break 2003. Collectively, these students have pledged more than \$975,000 for the affiliates they are working with.

Students are helping themselves and the local community as they help others build new

homes, new hope and new lives. The majority of students involved with the Collegiate Challenge program are active members of Hampshire College

Habitat for Humanity. This program allows students the opportunity to bring back skills, experiences and enthusiasm to share with the rest of their affiliate.

AmeriCorps NCCC is working with the Collegiate Challenge: Spring Break 2003 program. Members will be stationed at nine different sites throughout the country to provide critical organizational skills to the volunteers.



kitties by: Beth Day



ZOLE MAKES UP BETTER TITLES THAN I EVER COULD

by: Nick Moen

Hey, kids! This week, the Neuresthetic Idler's here to ramble on to you about music. Pop music, to be exact. I'll get to all that artsy-fartsy crap soon enough, but it'll be another article, I'm afraid. For now I'm writing about rock and roll. Of course, being a dreadful snob, what this means in practical terms is that what I'll be writing about will primarily be pretentious indie shit. My original intention had been to review/recommend a series of bands that were, for the most part, fairly obscure, which I discovered over the past year, based on the extraordinarily fallacious assumption that what was new to me was likely to be new to my readers. However, I soon realized that those who had never heard of these bands would have no reason to trust my recommendations, while they would who knew them well, and that, additionally, many might be in need of a more basic survey regardless. So, instead, I start with remedial education: one to two bands from each decade of the 2nd half of the 20th century whom I consider to be absolutely essential. To those who have no idea what I'm talking about, try and find some stuff by these bands, at a local record store, on the network, from your friends, and you'll likely encounter something glorious, beautiful, inspiring, perhaps life-changing if you happen to be frighteningly similar to me, or maybe just fucking cool. If you're familiar with

this stuff already, congratulations! You may now proceed to my next article, if you've decided I know what I'm talking about, or not, if you've decided I'm full of shit.

The 1950s: Buddy Holly. Whatever you can find. Punk rock starts here.

The 1960s: This is, as everyone knows, somewhat comparable to classical Athens in terms of pop music. Most everything ever since came from here, and there are too many great bands to mention. Thankfully, it's thoroughly unnecessary to mention them. There isn't a human being alive who doesn't know The Beatles and the Stones, or Bob Dylan, and most everyone here will be, I'm sure, reasonably familiar with the Byrds, the Who, the Doors, Neil Young, Jefferson Airplane, and so on and so forth. (And, hopefully are equally aware of just how much the Grateful Dead fucking suck). So, because of this abundance of easily accessible riches, only one band gets mentioned here: the Velvet Underground, who were, quite simply, the greatest rock band of all time. Absolutely everything comes from here. If you don't already have it, go out and beg, borrow, or steal, a copy of their first album, the one with the banana on the cover. If you are familiar with this one, which is probably their most representative, "important", and adventurous, but you don't yet know the others, you're in for a treat: things only get better from here

on out. Each and every one of their first three albums is as absolutely essential as it gets, each perfect in their own right, and each spawned its own genre or two of later underground music (yep. You can take it for granted that a given band was inspired by the Velvets. What's worth talking about, instead, is which album they were most inspired by). These three albums are all easy to find, and all pretty cheap. While you're at it, go out and get a copy of their fourth and last album, "Loaded," which, while a tremendous let down from their first three, is still light years beyond what most any other band on the planet would be capable of putting out

The 1970s: 1. The Clash, *London Calling*. More important than their historical importance, and the fact that they proved to the non-believing populace that punk could actually be good, beyond the fact that they were "the only band that mattered" and their political commitments, this is simply one of the greatest albums ever recorded. Effortlessly sidestepping all genre-laden formulas and expectations, each track is more glorious, exuberant, and joyful than the last. A veritable manifesto and call to arms for what rock and roll should be.

2. Bruce Springsteen, *Born to Run*. You might well have grown up thinking that Bruce Springsteen sucked. God knows I did. All this means is that you probably haven't heard the right stuff, or haven't listened closely

enough. Despite the distinctly lackluster nature of everything you've heard on the radio that he's written since most of you were born, in 1976 he is, in all likelihood, the greatest single rock album ever recorded, and possibly the all-time greatest American work of art. I can't think of anything that so palpably bears the stamp of direct, almost supernatural-seeming inspiration. Anyone with an interest in the American myth, cars, New Jersey, highways, innocence, hope, and despair, New York, gangster movies, poetry, freedom, loneliness, or life in general, should snap this up and listen 'til they fall in love.

(Note: lots of people will tell you that David Bowie is essential. They're full of shit. If you happen to dig the whole glam rock thing, fair enough. I'll guarantee you that, whatever it is you like about it, someone else did it better. If you're into the whole elegant, decadent, literate and depraved sort of thing, get some Roxy Music, or some solo Lou Reed. If you like the more trashy, gritty, proto-punk-ish end of things, find some New York Dolls or late Stooges. All these come most highly recommended, and would make my list if I wasn't trying to keep it short. And if you're annoyed at my dismissal of the later, artsy Thin White Duke Bowie, simply check out some Joy Division instead.)

The 1980s: 1. The Smiths. Better than you'd imagine. They just keep growing and growing on you. Another one of those bands that influenced just about everybody since who's liked their pop literate, dandy-ish, ironic, and morbidly self-conscious and

self-deprecating. If you don't fall head over heels for Morrissey's voice, what can I say? You're obviously not me. Start with *Hatful of Hollow*, an early singles compilation that has more of their best songs than anything else. Proceed to *The Queen is Dead*, almost doubtless their best album, yet which I find to be somewhat of an acquired taste. They couldn't top it, but before breaking up they gave everyone *Strangeways, Here We Come* as a bonus farewell present; far from their best work, but rather perfect and lovely nonetheless.

2. The Pixies. Unbelievably bouncy, catchy pop songs about aliens, old-time religion, surrealism and sado-masochism howled out by a pudgy, geeky, fellow who called himself "Black Francis." What's not to love? Plus, the man went to UMass. Even wrote a song about it. This is the band who basically defined what the 90s definition of a pop song should be, before "alternative" music was a dream in the head of a marketing executive, and then proceeded to show just how far this could be fucked with. Possibly the best bass-playing in the history of rock, and Kurt Cobain himself said that "Smells Like Teen Spirit" was just a Pixies rip-off. Except that everything they did was so infinitely more interesting. Also probably the greatest dance band of all time, if, once again, you happen to be me. Start with *Trompe le Monde* and work your way backwards. You'll like it better that way, I think, despite the fact that every critic in the universe disagrees with me. They'll all tell you that *Doolittle* is their best album, except for the one's who say it's *Surfer*

Rosa. What can I say? They're all just wrong.

The 1990s: 1. Pavement. They wrote the bible on so-called "indie rock." Unfairly pigeonholed as being simply post-modern, ironic slackers, they were, in fact, responsible for producing probably the most boundlessly creative, intelligent, cryptic, even sincere, and flat-out gorgeous straight-out rock music of the decade. If anyone deserves the honour of being the true spiritual heirs to the Velvets (instead of just the most convincing sound-alike), it's these guys. I'd start with *Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain*, if I were you.

2. Radiohead. I hope I don't have to say anything more than that.

The 2000s: To be honest, I don't have a clue what's going to be considered important ten years from now (when, if current trends hold true, we'll be due for a grunge revival). My two best guesses so far are as follows:

1. Wilco's *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot*, which, despite being produced by what I'd written off as a rather mediocre band, really is as good as everyone says, if not better. It was the soundtrack to my life for months on end. And no, I can't stand Jeff Tweedy's voice either.

2. The White Stripes. Yep. You read that right. Despite all the rather loathsome hype surrounding them, their carefully calculated image, and hordes of scenester fans, they are that rarest of all entities, an obscure indie band who became a pop-culture phenomenon almost entirely on the basis of sheer talent. The only one of the

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THINGS THAT I THINK ARE REALLY COOL

by Jesse Erola

Ugh...I have nothing to rant about right now...I'll just tell you about some things that are really cool.

Strike-Anywhere Matches – These are quite possibly one of the coolest things ever. There's so many possibilities for mischief and badassness with them. They've been featured in the 1969 release *Midnight Cowboy* and on an old MacHall.com comic. If my life required more use of fire, I would definitely be carrying around like twenty of these at all times.

Sporks – It isn't a spoon, and it ain't a fork. Why do I think sporks are cool? They're so cute!!! Seriously, you can eat anything except like a steak with a spork. Cereal, Ice Cream, Pasta...the list goes on. They're useful, and they're fun to look at. One of my life goals is to find a dining set that includes silver sporks.

Farfalle – For those of you who are pasta-ignorant, these are the bow-tie looking noodles. They are quite possibly the coolest noodles ever created. If you let them, they can give you the

innocent childish pleasure of eating something funny, while not being so overtly silly as the wheel-shaped ones. You know the ones.

Ping-Pong – One of the finest sports known to man, ping-pong has a long and rich history that I don't feel like researching. You can get some heated competition going on in a good game of ping-pong, and you'll see some impressive shots if you watch two skilled opponents. Fun stuff.

Grape Soda – Now this one, I really can't explain. I just happen to like grape soda a good deal more than any other soda, except possibly Mr Pibb. But Mr Pibb has that...dot...missing...problem. So, I'll stick with my grape soda. And all you Diet Pepsi lovers can blow me.

AOL CDs – I know what you're thinking. Why the HELL would anyone actually LIKE those stupid things? I'll tell you why – they're aerodynamic. That's right, you can fling AOL CDs like spinning wheels of death. They shatter pretty easily, so if you want to try

it out, get a whole bunch. They're free.

Wireless Mice – I think these are actually kind of convenient, especially when you have a messy desk like I do. You can move it anywhere and it'll still be effective. Plus, they all come with that little spinny wheel thing on the top. Truly, it is the ultimate tool for lazy web browsing.

Chopsticks – Yeah, I like chopsticks. I may even like them more than sporks. I don't know, though; I suppose it depends on my mood. People who can't use chopsticks confuse me, though. You know who I'm talking about, the ones who almost poke their own eyes out trying to use them. You people confuse me.

Red Sneakers – They aren't just footwear. They're a way of life.

Yeah, so, these things are cool. And these aren't my opinions, you know. They're facts. So if you disagree with me...you're WRONG.



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ZOLE COMES UP WITH. .

"garage revival" bands who actually write damn fine songs, mix style with substance instead of just cruising on style alone, and can assimilate most any genre they feel like and make it work. Sure there are dozens of better bands getting started, and ones I love much more, but these guys have more of a shot of being genuinely "important" than most anyone else I can think of, and it's hard for me to say their influence on, say, what gets played on the radio is anything but beneficial.

Whew! That took much longer than I'd intended. Apologies for getting carried away. If you've read this far and are still with me, you might also want to check out the Magnetic Fields, Neutral Milk Hotel, Belle and Sebastian, Nick Cave, Bright Eyes, Modest Mouse, and Sonic Youth, for starters. No details now. I've thoroughly overstayed my welcome already. It also seems that because of this, I won't be able to write my follow-up article in time for this week's deadline. Guess it's next issue for that one, too. Sorry, folks. In lieu of that, I hope you enjoy the sublime poetic and mystical efforts of the Norwegian black metal band Ancient, which should also be printed in this issue.



HOW TO NOT BE A BITCH AT SAGA

With, apologies to Biggie ("I been in this game for years, it made me a animal / It's rules to this shit, I wrote me a manual / A step by step booklet for you to get"), here are the Ten Saga Commandments:

- 1) Don't spill shit on the line, especially sauce and shit. That stuff cakes on (because the place where the food sits is hot) and it's a bitch for the line person to clean up after closing.
- 2) Don't spill shit on your table. Especially, don't intentionally pour salt and pepper in cute little piles on the table. Yeah, you, bitch. I saw you. Wipe that shit on the floor now before I shove your ass in it.
- 3) If you break Commandment 2, try to clean it up a little. Use some paper towels.
- 4) Don't spill shit in the salad bar. It's a bitch for the cleanup people to get shit out of the wells the food sits in.
- 5) Put your dishes away right. That means match up plates with plates, bowls with bowls, cups with cups. That means don't put little bowls in big bowls, little plates on top of big plates, or plastic cups inside coffee cups. That means put your silverware down the silverware chute. That means don't put cups down the silverware chute. That means dump your extra food in the compost and trash.
- 6) Don't put liquid in the trash. We have to take those bags out a couple hundred feet. If there's liquid in them, they're more likely to break. Either leave the liquid in the cup and we'll dump it out in our special liquid drain thing, or you could dump it in the compost, I guess.
- 7) Get your ass out by 7:15. We have to clean up. The longer you're there, the longer it's going to take to get stuff clean, because we have to wait for you to leave before we can do your dishes and clean your table.
- 8) Don't whine about us taking away the food if you're there after seven. We close at seven. Doors locked, food away, stir fry and waffle machine off. You can stay awhile and eat, but don't expect to be able to get more. Someone turned on the waffle maker after I turned it off once. Problem is there wasn't a tray underneath it anymore, so she made a huge fucking mess with the batter when she poured it. I had to clean that shit up.
- 9) Close the fucking ice cream freezer when you're done with it.
- 10) Don't fucking steal the fucking dishes and fucking silverware and fucking cups and the fucking loaves of bread and the fucking Tofutti Cuties. I saw someone walk out with like six coffee cups once. What the fuck, bitch? You didn't pay for those. Your dining dollars go toward renting those, not getting to keep them. I put out 6 new loaves of bread one time at about 7:15 so people the next day could have sandwiches. Ten minutes later, two of them were gone.

So, "Follow these rules you'll have mad bread to break up / If not, twenty-four years, on the wake up / Slug hit your temple, watch your frame shake up / Caretaker did your makeup."

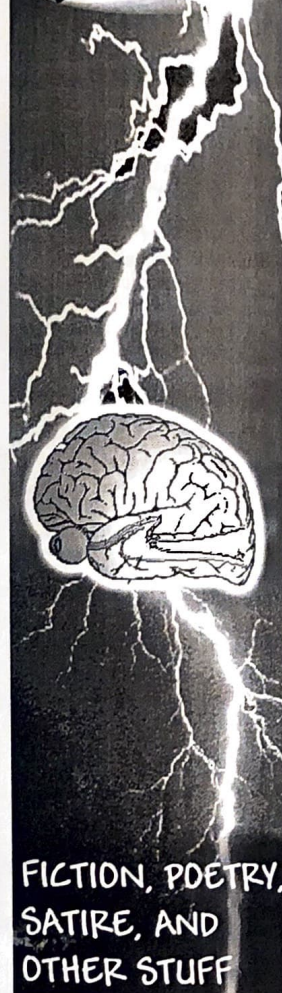


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SECTION LIES



Editor's Note: Printed unformatted as requested

ANCIENT MAD GRANDIOSE BLOODFIENDS

Ancient Mad Grandiose Bloodfiends Malkavian Twilight (intro) (music by: Aphazel) A Mad blood Scenario (music by: Aphazel & Kaiaphas, lyrics by Kaiaphas) Gaze into my broken eyes, where laughter and sorrow collide. Scattered are the pieces which time forgot. See the cracked mirror walls, emerald mist flowing down the halls. Shattered pieces of a forgotten puzzle. Feel the shaking of my room, welcome to my most humble tomb. Lay your head upon the crimson velvet pillow. Relax as I tell you a tale when lunacy reigned and madness prevailed. Long nailed fingers run through silken hair. Our poison tongues now dance, wet with entrancing liquors. We drown in burning ecstasy, but you seek something more than this. Tonight another looking glass will crack. My promises too broken, did you believe what I've spoken? The echoes shall splinter your mind like they did mine. Prepare my darling, for the nocturnal wedding. (Solo - Aphazel) Glaze into my broken eyes where a deranged love rises, to greet your lovelorn flesh. Hallucinating like undead shamans, You feel the rapturous sting of first death and collapse into lonely arms. Look now with night piercing eyes, not quite broken, but time shall remedy. Lick my blood-soaked lips once more, taste the stain of wondrous insanity. The constant shrieking in your mind drives you crazy. Yes, my darling, I can hear it too. The answers you seek lie in the reflection.

Be still, allow the images to caress you, here everything is upside down. Cackling like undead hyenas, you feel the boggling slap of dementia and collapse into delighted arms. My little pet, how foolish you've become. Yesterday's sweet dedications of love are part of an infantile dream fading fast. You raise your vampyrie eyes to consume my heart. But since it's been viciously torn apart, you see, a time will fortunately come when you realize our kind cannot stomach 'togetherness!', for love is but an arduous game mortals play. So from this day you are mine, to be my immortal concubine. The Draining (music by: Aphazel, lyrics by Kaiaphas) (Solo - Aphazel) How deep is your sleep? That I may not interrupt your turbulent dreams? Disrupting the sanity of slumber, the vile and wretched creature from the astral realm stands right before you. Purple mist slips through window cracks hovering above your miserable shape. "What turmoil spoils my evening bliss?" A turmoil savor permeates your nostrils. Horrendous fright upon awakening your frigid cast paralyzed and spellbound. Fiery eyes piercing through your alarmed soul, as ethereal tentacles penetrate the energy shield. It's the Draining, it's the draining, draining, draining..... How does it feel to be drained so feverishly? Fear carries a rather exquisite taste. I only take as much to leave you terrified. My victims shall become my

Continued on next page

by: Nick Moen, Annie Levin, and John Gottung

by: Mona Weiss

bounded disciples. (Solo -Aphazel) "As the satiated vapor disappears from sight, know that I may come again some other dreary night." Um Sonho Psicodelico (music by Aphazel, lyrics by Kaiaphas) From the north, from the south, and from the east and from the west, we invoke our ancient gods and goddesses. Bless our conjuration, for we have gathered from lands afar. Enhance our perception, through these enchanted plants bizarre. Let us see the ganja kingdoms. Let us dive into hash clouds. Use our (psychedelically) tainted tongues to caress Shiva's writhing marbled body. In this sacred desert ground, our tribe surrounded by purple shroud. Ram-skinned drums stirring ghosts. The time has come to welcome our host. Deeply breathe the magickal incense, of grounded opium and frankincense. Let the smoke take you to fluorescent fields, where magnificent creatures lay down their shields. An orgasmic celebration of flesh ensues. Our eyes luster with desires' hue. Copulation grins upon my face, as we cum all over this fuckin' place. In the sky the dragon flies. The fabled reptile with ruby eyes has come to take us for a ride across the phantasmagoric astral sky. Mystical secrets from the past, answers for questions from the centuries asked. Reach out to touch the universe, embrace the beauty beyond this earth. And we rode the cosmic snake past the gates of mortality, among the gods and goddesses, shall we spend eternity. Sleeping Princess Of The Arges (music by Jesus Christ!, lyrics by Kaiaphas, August '94) Tonight the moon is full in the land beyond the forest. The howling of Wallachian

wolves, a serenade to the dreariest soul. I'm alone, within the confines of my barren home bereaved, left behind, grieving for the one, my ashen bride. A host of ravens hover from majestic winter mountains. Into my ears they whisper, a sullen song of melancholy. Five hundred years have passed since the flowers blossomed. Green meadows now benighted and shadows embrace the frozen sun. I'm alone... "I remember the glorious storms, the wrath of the heavens upon the shores. The erotic winds and their symphonies, resounding above the elegant trees. I remember the nights spent in thine arms, while making dark love with bestial charm. A setting provided with incessant rain, sipping the blood from each others veins." As mist, I travel the dismal skies, feeding, my ravenous appetite. Dreaming, of candles and gleaming stars. Bleeding, from my lovelorn scars. Once I was a blissful delighted man, residing over a splendid land. Now a beast of nocturnal guise, bent to cease my immortal life. "I am longing to touch thee, my love, to bask in the warmth of the skies above. Marveled by landscapes so picturesque with the nestled brow on my nurturing breast. I yearn to taste the sweet tongue of thy kiss, to dance in the halls of the fiery abyss. Vanquish thy curse and come set me free, awake me, my darling, from my tortured sleep." As mist, I travel the dismal skies, feeding, my ravenous appetite. Dreaming, of candles and gleaming stars. Bleeding, from my lovelorn scars. Once I was a blissful delighted man, residing over a splendid land. Now a beast of nocturnal guise, bent to cease my immortal life. "Through ethereal dreams

I convoke to thee like a gentle breeze upon a reposing sea. Let my waves wash away thy grief, and convey thy shadowless soul back to me." I've renounced the ways of christ. I've spat on his throne and scoffed at his lies. I'll install a new kingdom to which there will be everlasting indulgence for you and me. Soon we shall stroll through the spellbinding mark. My time has come to relinquish this earth, with cascading tears of horizons unseen. I'll be reunited with my pallid queen. "Through ethereal dreams... Together we'll drink to our undying love. Absinthe shall lift us on the wings of a dove, and transport us to places beyond our dreams, where graceful nymphs dominate the scene. And so I forsake my ancient abode. My calamitous fable of woe unfolds with valor, I face the sweltering sun. In thy pale reflection of death, we are alone... (Solo: Jesus Christ!) Her Northern Majesty (music by: Aphazel, lyrics by Thorne) Her majesty is crying tears of ice cold rain. I see my brazen brothers come to claim their hill and plane, They take my hand and guide me to the walls of Stortinget. Angered by the weak and ostentatious actions of leaders of our land. Spitting on the vainglorious proclaimers of freedom to all that be as they hold a worldwide banner shouting come and follow me. Norway is the star to be followed. Her symmetry plain to see. We shall not let her father into the popular amorphous sea, and with these words spoken the end befell the lies. And the promises have awoken the Northern son's vengeful eyes. I see the promises begging on their knees in guilt and shame. So swiftly were they silenced and once again the

Vikings reign! Now we shall live as one, brothers and sisters of pride. As we watch our enemies sail away forgotten with the tide. Her majesty shall raise her head, a beautiful example to all. The sons of North have Norway in hand and never shall she fall! (Solo -Aphazel) Blackeyes (music by Jesus Christ!, lyrics by Thorne) A beginning brings forth questions. Answered are these with lie upon web. Shiver, does the child draped in it's disgrace. The web grows like a poisonous vine fed by storybook filth, tangling it's hypocritical mass around the throat of human instinct like a self-perpetuating noose. The one dangling in rage, refusing to choke, gains a dagger to sever all ties to the vine of self-deceit. Consuming the melody of shrieking horror... the blade penetrates as he becomes in harmony with his action. The constant twilight of the forbidden is unveiled, revealing darkness to be ravished forever by the intellect of BLACKEYES. Disgusted by the pathetic pleading swollen holes of the "holy" BLACKEYES Prepared to protect any path he hath chosen. BLACKEYES Contempt for all benevolent spinners now clinging to the vine. FEELING, SEEING, KNOWING, BEING... Lift your sword, slice the vine. Feast on pleasure, swim in life's wine. Take your vengeance now and rise, torment those who fear BLACKEYES All who waste life on bended knees are begging for death to take them, so be it go humbly to your god in white. Look to my Blackeyes for a reflection of your fright. Run christian soldier, for our army approaches! Smile christian daughters for the snapshot of your annihilation. Know this slaves of christ. Our pulse

quickens with the thought of your death. Prey pawns on your knees! Prey to the god you fear to protect you! Blackeyes bring forth hell inside catacombs of a web now sighing with the weight of helo's drenched in blood of a million spinners. Join us little children, or be sent to your empty promise land in tears of RED Lift your sword, slice the vine. Feast on pleasure, drink life's wine. Take your vengeance now and rise, torment those who fear BLACKEYES. What be is FREE Join us little children before it's too late, and we shall send you in tears of red straight to heaven's gate. The Emerald Tablet (music by Aphazel, lyrics by Thorne) Innocent games of unwritten spells as a child, animals are companions and mentors, and the moon my night side mother. No one understood them, few comprehend now... She awoke with eyes of fire to a world demented by spinners feeling, smelling, tasting all before her made her live. Growing, walking, talking, power taking form, ignoring all beneath her refusing to conform. "My innocence was a time of feeling pleasure in the rain. I learned from all creatures of instinct the magic within joy and pain." Now she swims to the watery depths of darkness unreachable by most. Forever mocked by an angry mob like parasites on a new host, for the one who strives to reveal all aspects of life is hated, hunted, by those who fear themselves. "By the time I was one with the moon and tide, I was detested for not having banished my pride. Being strong in my age of circle and seas I raged against all on bended knees!" Her fall is one of beauty revealing colors undistributed by a storming sky.

With skill and patience learnt from Crane she drips blood of her veins to bind what she claims, power beyond wisdom, faces without names. "My chance for smoke and mystery so close to earth am I. My time is matched by wisdom and I am not afraid to die." The crisp clean winds of the old man have come for her at last. He loves her with his mighty heart and plans to take her fast. Most run from old man winter for fear of growing cold. So set in the reality that they have bought and sold, not this grand lady she flies away with a smile. You can hear her singing beyond a year and past a mile. "My time has filled the circle. The Sun's inside the moon. My essence is free to breathe, as my body decays in a tomb." Spring, fire. Summer, water. Autumn, Earth. Winter, Air. Daughter, killer. Mother, blood. Wolf, salmon, deer, fox. Pauper's princess. Christ's desire, Live, Evil! HAIL WHOLE WOMAN!!!!!! HAIL SATANIC WITCH!!!!!! Willothewisp (music by Jesus Christ!, lyrics by Thorne) (Her) Nights spent succumbing to the brilliance of Blackeyes, feeling the warm embrace of your hand, memories like salt on a wound, dominate my new found spirit land. Seeking wisdom in the darkness hovering helplessly around our pain crying with absence of real tears, like a child born in vein. I can no longer bear to watch you cradling my form. Wrenching out bloody drops of desperation's futile storm. Welcome to the Willothewisp my love. Deaths arduous game. Mocking times insanity foreshadowing years of reign. (Male) Oh my perfect princess, hard and cold as stone. I shall trace your lips with crimson. I'll protect you; Continued on Page 26

ANCIENT MAD GRANDIOSE

they can't have! you to bury, to leave me. Slay all who dare touch my pretty doll, it will be bloody paradise, a misanthropes ball. (Female) I hear you and beseech you, find a way to understand. Kill them for my body and be left with grains of sand. Do not waste your life in vain, protecting that which feels happiness nor pain. Willothewisp my love, is forever now what be. Willothewisp my darkened darling can not be taken away from thee. (Male) I feel your essence all around me, and see you dead on our floor. Realize it would kill me to see you dragged out like a rotting whore. The dead are not theirs to take, fuck their reality. I seek revenge. Fuck their stupidity, your death will be avenged. My princess is not their dead slave, to tear apart and fit inside a holy lonesome grave. (Female) Ahh! You torment me with endless worry. A doll is what is left of me, to kill it, insanity! Wake up live your life. Do not waste it in my name. (Male) No! Why? Your body comforts me. Please understand. It is a Willothewisp my love, but at least I would have command. Help! Help! Ahh! I can not take this, my heart was black to all but you, and now you're dead. I need you in any form. I want you. Separation is what permeates the fear of death. Ahh! Ahh! Come back! (Female) My essence is always with you. Hovering over you and what was I of my love and perfect self, I never meant to die. It's all right, do as you wish. I want my body to be with you. (Male) I see them coming, my pulse quickens, my long blade smiles. Get away from her! Bastards, pawns! Die, you

are worth nothing. Die! They are dead as well, now bags of worthless flesh. How dare they try and take you, Ha! Ha! Ha! We are free together. (Female) You shiver like a broken child before me, clutching my cold hand wet with tears, you kiss my hand and lips, and I feel nothing. (Male) A presence looms about me, whispering like morning dew. My perfect death doll princess, I stay here forever with you. (Female)! He has won my body, but now he is insane. I reach out to dry his tears, only to find I am like wind to rain. (Both) Willothewisp is torture, deaths arguous game. Willothewisp is hidden boundaries, foreshadowing years of pain. Neptune -Instrumental (music by Aphazel) 5 - instrumental (music by Kaiaphas) Hecate, My Love and Lust (music by Aphazel lyrics by Kaiaphas) Oh, thou enlightened lover, come roll with me. Oh my fiercest lover, come roll with me. All my life I've searched for thee. The wonders you hold are pure ecstasy. The greatest pleasures you give are most divine. I shall love you 'til the end of time. The sensations I feel when you touch me burn stronger than that of the ones before thee. The volcanic shivers you give when we fuck, reminds me that mandane females do suck. Through you, I have found the philosopher's stone. In you my penumbral heart has found a home. And as you whisper sweet wisdoms into my ears, the power of cunningus brings you to tears. I smell your hair, red as the brightest rose. Intorication sets in and my desire grows. We dance until the moon bids farewell. Never shall we sleep

into the fires of hell. I'll build you a throne in the heart of my mind, where everlasting love ye always shall find. Thy temple adorned with fidelity, where I'll worship thy essence eternally. Oh thou enlightened lover, Come roll with me. Oh my fiercest lover, come roll with me. Oh my denoted lover, come roll with me. Oh my faithful lover, come roll with me. (Solo : Aphazel) Thou art the answer to all my dreams. Thou art the bringer of organisms supreme. And I shall shout to the false god above, Hecate, thou art the one that I love. I love you!! Vampirize Natasha (Music by Aphazel, Jesus Christ!, & Kaiaphas, lyrics by Kaiaphas) Look at you, fastened by sheltering blanket. Did you think I'd forget how sweet you taste, nay my umbrageous heart still yearns for you, and still to peruse your love is sluch a waste. You lie there a vision of immaculate purity, yet your eyes reveal the insatiable whore and now I'll love sucking your vitality with you, my pretty. I just want more. First, I'll tear asunder thy mortal garments, unmasking your pale delicate flesh, then, I shall ravage your lovebroken body. Sinking my teeth upon your tender breast. Violently, I'll fuck your pernicious cunt, while consuming the precious life-force, thoroughly enjoying the sweet flavor. I'll vampirize you, Natasha, with no remorse. Until you shrivel into your casket, I shall continue to vampirize Natasha... Black Funeral (King Diamond/Hank Sherman) Morte El Potere (sorry this track will only be available on the japanese version.)



by: Brett Engle

I had spent my time trying to get a job, and then trying to lose the job once I got it. I was selling knives, door to door. Every day I had to call in and talk to the boss. Every Wednesday there was a team meeting. Every Monday there was a key staff meeting, for the potential managers. They liked me, they wanted me doing 20 demos a week and coming to the special workers meetings, they wanted me as key staff. I didn't want key staff, I didn't want manager, I just wanted to make easy money kinda fast. One week I avoided all my appointments. Didn't even cancel them, just never showed. Then I avoided calling in. I didn't answer the phone so my boss couldn't get a hold of me, and I didn't check the messages. I hid from the world, from my responsibilities. I don't want to work or do anything. I just want the rest of the world to deal with their issues on their own. Leave me alone.

Luckily I was bumming off my parents, so I still had room and board. They yelled at me every day for not going to work, so I avoided them as much as possible. In the morning they went to work, and I would bum around the house all day. When they got home I would head out, go to a friends house, come home for dinner, then hide in my room. The coward I am, I hid from everything. I made it a week like this, till finally I decided I should go back to work and deal with getting fired. Amazingly they didn't fire me, they still wanted me on the team. They still wanted me as a potential manager. I was such a failure that I couldn't even get fired.

MONEY MAN

My free time was spent doing three things: writing, reading, and playing Starcraft. That was all I had a passion for. Mingling with other people was overrated. Too many times there are assholes and idiots that you waste your time talking to at bars and parties. I'd rather surround myself with the wisdom of my own words in writing (even if they aren't that wise), the company of other great writers, and the joy of playing the only game that excites me and can hold my spastic attention. People look at me and the way I prefer to live and call me a recluse, a computer nerd, or a jerk-off-aholic. Since I choose to play my games, read my books and write my stories they consider me less than them. I can't get laid, I can't get a job, I can't make money or achieve in life. I feel opposite. I feel I can get more pussy, more money, or more success than all of them. I just don't want it.

But the need for money will always force a man to leave his hole. Unless he wants to lie there 'till he dies. Debts must be repaid, bills must be paid monthly, and the world wants it's money. So a man has to get a job and earn the cash. I go to work every day, selling my knives, trying to talk people into buying things that they don't really need. I show the wives how my knives cut faster and stay sharp longer. But, who cares? Buy cheap knives and they will still cut. My knives aren't a necessity. They are a luxury, and I have to convince people that the luxury is a necessity in this American world. While other people starve, I force the families with a little extra cash to spend it on pointless

knives because I convince them that everyone who is anyone has them. Rather than spending that extra money to help people who are more needy, or to even better themselves or children, it gets spent on my knives. I feel like a salesman of waste rather than cutlery.

Everyday after work I head to the bar. It's dark and reeks of disinfectant. It has a red plastic with fake wooden trim theme going on. I sit on the stools and nurse my rum and coke. I drink down three or four while watching the room of other poor souls with nothing better to do than throw their money at another salesman of waste. The bar is always quiet, isn't even high class enough to have it's own hookers. Finding myself there every night is depressing, but I come back after every workday.

One night I was surprised to enter my bar and find uproar. Three or four regular patrons were sitting in a booth with a new man, a strange man. All of my regular case studies were sitting in this booth on the red plastic seats with a new man who had a smile on his face, an expression that was quite foreign to this bar. He talked and the men laughed. I took my regular seat on a stool and began nursing my first rum and coke. Behind me I heard the hooting and hollering of men enjoying themselves. I decided not to go over. Nursing my drink and trying to figure out how to be fired was enough for me.

About 30 minutes before closing the strange man came and sat next to me. After a closer look

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MONEY MAN

I decided he was a bum off the street, had found a few bucks to by a beer and get into the bar. His clothes were tattered and worn. Gray curly hair filled with dirt framed his face. The collar of his button up plaid shirt was folded down neatly on his left side, but sticking straight up on his right. He wore a large down coat with slits covering it where I could see the down pouring out. Despite his dirty appearance his smile radiated through, and he seemed genuinely happy. And his happiness was infectious. I found a smile on my face.

"Hey partner! What you milking there? Rum and coke? Gotta love the rum and coke. What you do for a living? You sell things don't you? I can tell... you have that look. What do you sell? Wait, don't answer, let me guess. Knives, you sell knives. Am I right?"

I was flabbergasted and nodded a yes in his direction.

"I used to sell vacuum cleaners, door to door. I was good, never left a house without selling. I had the touch, the sweet mouth. There were some wives that wouldn't buy unless I gave them a little bedroom time. That's ok with me; I do what I need to do to sell. You ever had a wife jump your socks when you came to the door?"

"No, it's usually my prick they jump."

"Hah! You don't like it though, do you? You would love to do something else. What do you love to do? If you were free to do whatever you want, what would you do?"

I looked down at my drink and shook it. This man was very odd.

"I would read, write, fuck, and

play my games. That's it."

"What game you play? I play games too, mainly chicken in the middle of the road. I stand out there and don't move. Most cars will turn. Some will hit you though..."

"I play a game called StarCraft, you wouldn't know it."

"Hell yea I know it!! That is a great game... So read, write, fuck and StarCraft. That is your dream job?"

"Any man's dream job is to be paid for keeping their hobbies. But with your hobbies always come other responsibilities. Someone who likes music may become a DJ, but they have to deal with commercials and reading announcements. If they don't enjoy that, they aren't getting paid for strictly their hobby. You can get paid to play music on the radio, but you can't get paid to be the listener."

"So true my friend. Well how bout this offer. I will pay you to read, write, fuck and play StarCraft. What's a good hourly wage?"

"Good hourly wage? 15 an hour would please me."

"Ok 15 dollars for every game of StarCraft you play. The game has to be at least 2 minutes long to count. This includes replays. Every game you play or replay you watch, I will pay you 15 dollars. How's that sound?"

"Like you're a crazy bum."

"Aha my friend!! So true, but that's not all. Every story you write I will give you 100 dollars. If it is over 5,000 words I will add another 300 dollars, and if it is over 15,000 words I will give you 1,000 dollars. How do you like the sound of that?"

"Good. While we're daydream-

ing we'll say that you are going to go home to a big mansion in the hills and get laid by a beautiful wife tonight. I mean, I shouldn't get everything right?"

"You're closer to the truth than you know my friend! But wait, that's not all! I will pay you hourly for reading. 15 dollars an hour. I will also give you 100 dollars for every girl you have sex with. Between those four ways to earn money, I think you should be set. This will be a forever contract. What do you think friend? Do we have a deal?"

"Yea, and while we're at it, I want an elephant. I've always wanted an elephant."

"Now you're getting greedy. You can have the elephant in place of something else if you wish, or you can just save up to buy your own."

"Fine, forget the elephant."

"Good, good... My lawyer will be by to see you tomorrow. Don't go to work, he will be at your house at exactly 12:00 noon. Farewell my friend!"

And with that he got up and left. It's sad how lost bums get, how crazy they get. Once you get to that level, no home, no food, and no one to love, screws get loose. I felt that as long as I could keep a room around me I would survive. If I fall down with the bums, on the street and alone, I know I will lose it.

I finished my drink and gave the bartender a five dollar tip.

"Thanks for the tip Tony. I'll see you tomorrow after work."

"Yea, and Jim, big man, try and keep the crazy bums out. That guy kinda creeped me out."

"Sure Tony, no problem."

That night I ate dinner and

was praised for having a job and attending it. I didn't have to hide. The house was warm and my family was inviting. After eating I found myself in front of my computer, first writing and then playing StarCraft. The game had a hold on me, an addiction. Nothing else thrilled me that much, and nothing else could still entertain me completely after 3 years of use.

When I woke up in the morning I knew I wasn't going to work. I had plenty of time get there, but my stomach told me I wasn't going. I told myself that a day off was needed, a day to lie around lazy while playing StarCraft and eating like a slob. In the back of my mind I was really curious if the lawyer would show, even though all my rationale told me that he wouldn't.

The morning slowly drifted by as I ate breakfast and played StarCraft. The crazy bums ideas had a hold on me. I sat there playing and loving every minute of it. Why can't I get paid to do the things I enjoy? Why isn't there a way for me to earn cash by doing what I want to do, without extra, added chores? Someone who likes to read may become a librarian, but they aren't paid to read. They are paid to organize, finance, reshel, tell people about the library. All these jobs are made to create joy for others, and I only want to create joy for myself.

I played all morning, and noon quickly came around. In the middle of a game the doorbell rang, and I ignored it. The doorbell rang again, and again, but I wasn't about to break away from my game. Then I heard a voice yelling up the stairs.

"Tony Vaughan, Mr. Tony Vaughan, are you here?"

I quickly paused my game

and headed downstairs. *We need to start locking the damn door*, I thought to myself. At the base of the stairs stood a man in a dark suit, a slim face with slim glasses, and a buzzed haircut. He held a briefcase in his left hand and a clipboard in his right.

"Ah Mr. Vaughan, I'm glad you are here. I just need you to sign this contract and then take these time sheets to fill in how many games you play a day, how many hours you read, how many stories you write, and how many girls you copulate with. Mail these in every Friday to the address on top. We will send you new sheets when you are running low."

He handed me the clipboard and it slipped from my hand. The lawyer didn't falter, just continued with his speech while picking the clipboard up and handed me a pen. I slowly looked down at the contract and saw my name typed at the bottom of the page. I signed underneath it and handed him back the clipboard.

"How is this happening? The bum in the bar told me it would happen, but how?"

"Well Mr. Vaughn, the man you met last night is a very rich and powerful man. He prefers not to live in the regular high society circle. Many times no one will see him for a week or two and he will return home looking like a vagrant. Last night was one of those times. My employer enjoys helping out those less fortunate than himself, and essentially make their dreams come true. That's why I am here sir, to make your dream job come true. Here are the time sheets, just send them in every Friday. Good day."

"Wait! What's his name? How do I thank him?"

"Those are things that you don't need to know. Your interac-

tions will be through me and my office. The address and phone number is..."

"On the top of the sheet, I know."

"Very good sir. Is there anything else?"

I wanted to ask more but my mind was blank. I shook my head.

He gave me a large grin and said, "I will look forward to seeing your timesheets. Smile, you have just been reborn!"

He turned and left while my jaw sat open in a gape of complete bafflement. The lawyer went out the front door and gingerly closed it behind him. After staring at the doorway for a few minutes I looked down at the time sheets. I decided to get to work, went upstairs and created a new game of StarCraft. I was going to work hard today.

My family didn't believe me. I didn't blame them... my story was crazy. I still didn't completely believe it myself, but I went to work every day. I rolled out of bed and opened StarCraft and played. If that bored me I wrote a story, or read Bukowski. My mom was very opposed to the entire idea. Even if it was true, even if there was money coming, I was getting paid to be a hermit. I was paid to be antisocial. She felt I would never get out, never go anywhere or see the sun. But she turned out to be wrong. With my money problems gone, my happiness increased. Every day was spent enjoying myself, playing games, writing and reading. I began to go out more since I had more free time. I went to the bars, to the clubs, and to the stores. My wardrobe increased, my car went from a \$900 1983 Toyota Tercel to a 2004 BMW. Every bum I saw

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MONEY MAN

on the street I gave money to. I tipped large, ate well, and smiled constantly.

I immediately stopped going to the bar. I only went in there once more, after receiving my first paycheck. I asked Jim if the old bum had been around but Jim only saw him that one time. I dropped Jim a 40-dollar tip and bid him a final goodbye.

I was curious about the old man and wondered if I should hunt him down. I wasn't sure why I wanted to -- maybe just to tell him thanks, maybe to ask him why, maybe I thought it would be like meeting god. I figured I could follow the lawyer around and eventually find the old man. But what was the point of that? What could I really gain? He made the deal without restrictions, but popping into his life might upset the situation. I decided to let sleeping dogs lie, to be happy with what I had going for me.

And wow, did I have a lot going for me! For the first 2 months I was a spending machine, moving into a posh new apartment, buying every new electronic gadget to hit the market, libraries worth of books, fancy meals and expensive alcohol. At first it was a new world, it was the world MTV had advertised to me, but quickly it became a shallow one.

One day my work didn't excite me, my new toys didn't excite me; none of my possessions or new girlfriends excited me. I went out and just drove, windows down, letting the air beat my face. I found myself at an old flea market. I wandered the stalls and started seeing interesting things that I knew friends would enjoy. I spent the entire day at the flea market

and left carrying presents for everyone that had ever helped me out, shown me love and care. I delivered the presents over the next week and the joy on their faces sparked something inside of me. I realized that I could make myself happy by making others happy.

I started working harder, trying to pull in as much money as I could. I started writing a book, which kept me working hard. I spent a lot of time over at my parent's house, helping out with chores and cooking between working on my book and playing quick games of StarCraft. I would go home and think about my book and read, alone in my bed, but not feeling lonely. I was working hard and making this money that I knew was going to cause some good.

It took 4 months of hard work before I finished my book. I had saved all the money that I could, and using what I saved I started my first charity foundation. It was directed at helping battered women, but that was just the starting point. I hoped that it would soon be providing academic scholarships and care for the homeless. I paid a few people to run the charity, people who seemed to really love the work. I wanted to provide enjoyable jobs and be a kind boss, which I was. I kept writing stories like crazy, played StarCraft like a fiend, and met girls here and there, but none seemed to understand my new passion. I poured all the money I could spare into the charity. I went from a salesman of waste to a vendor of relief.

Years went by and my checks kept coming. I got lucky and my

short stories started selling, and then the books that I had started piling up began to sell. Soon I didn't even need the checks, but I kept working hard so that I could pour the cash into my charity. I became more and more involved with the charity, making sure that I screened every applicant for a scholarship. I looked for kids that had gone wrong but were now straightening themselves out. I knew what it was like to only get attention when doing wrong but have people look at you blankly when doing something right. I wanted to reward them for once.

I thought that I was happy because I was helping others, and I'm sure that was part of it, but I realized that there was a bit more. Once I stopped worrying about where my next paycheck would come from my life started getting better. Once I started loving my work I could wake up in the morning with a smile on my face. I ruined that happiness when I was self indulgent, but I had realized the error and corrected it.

I never saw the bum from the bar again. The lawyer came around occasionally, but the man who was behind my happiness never showed himself. I did want to thank him personally, but always settled with sending messages through the lawyer. He had changed me from a bitter, dispirited, lazy man into a successful, happy, and generous community contributor. All he had to do destroy money's importance. He was able to free me from the system, and I plan to do the same for another poor soul one day.



A MESSAGE FROM GOD: God sends President's Day message to American war supporters. Says The Almighty, "Take the hint: You're Getting Snowed!"

February 18th - In a display of Talmudic caprice reminiscent of His Old Testament heyday, the Author and Creator of All Things unleashed a torrent

of rain and snow storms on the American people this past Holiday weekend; a symbolic gesture that apparently missed the mark.

After "getting the feeling you Americans still haven't gotten the point," the Lord God Almighty released a statement to the American news media early Tuesday morning explaining his actions.

"I can't believe you idiots are still falling for this tripe," quoth the Heavenly Father in reference to President Bush's repeated insistence that an unprovoked Saddam Hussein poses a threat to National Security, and therefore must be overcome by military force. "Listen," continued the Big Beard in the sky, "I'll be the first to admit that

Saddam's a bad guy and that something should be done to improve living conditions for the Iraqi people. But take it from Me: waging war on a capably unpredictable despot is not the way to go."

Citing frustration with hawkish impassivity and the exhaustion of all traditional methods normally employed to deliver His message, the All Merciful One decided to wield the influence of Mother Nature in an effort to give Americans "one last chance" to "voluntarily comply" with His wishes.

Beginning late Sunday evening, His Holiness cast a deluge of sleet, snow, and freezing rain across the American plain spanning from Nebraska to the Carolinas, and stretching from Florida to Maine. Precipitation in the D.C. metro area was particularly staggering, with parts of Maryland receiving up to 46 inches

of snow by the time Blizzard conditions had finally dissipated

late Monday night. By all accounts, Blizzard Daniel was among the most prolific forces of nature on record, albeit one with a surprisingly limited death toll.

"I was a little worried the symbolism would sail over your heads," Yahweh confessed. "But then I thought, 'No way! The combination of dramatic natural forces imbued with symbolic overtones is really gonna drive home the message this time.' I mean, c'mon! Didn't any of you notice how I held back just long enough to allow over 12 million people worldwide to march in the F15 antiwar protests, and then CABLAMM! dumped two feet of snow in Washington D.C. on President's Day?"

"I mean, Jeez!! What else does a Deity have to do? I even named the friggin' thing 'Blizzard Daniel!' Daniel. Don't you see? From the Ancient Hebrew word meaning 'God is my judge.' In reference to Daniel the prophet?"

The guy who foretold the fate of mighty nations undone by their own hubris? Oh, forget it.

The guy who foretold the fate of mighty nations undone by their own hubris? Oh, forget it."

"I now realize that I was giving you people way too much credit. Deciphering the hidden meaning behind acts of grace just ain't your forte, I suppose. But, hey, I guess I should have learned that lesson after sinking

the Titanic. My bad."

"Why I didn't endow you people with a more attuned

sense of irony, I'll never know," lamented the Omniscient One.

Although apologetic about the loss of life resulting from His latest attempt to stem the tide of war, the King of Kings justified His divinely inspired natural disaster on higher grounds. "Look, it sucks that people had to die at all, but believe me... this is a walk in the park compared to what you people are in for if you continue to press for unilateral military action against Iraq."

"And the fact that Bush and his cabinet of war mongers have managed to get you to believe otherwise," added the Supreme Being in his concluding remarks, "well, that's just a bigger snow job than even I could pull off."



God buries the Article Goblins in snow!



Sunday, February 23:

A whopping 13 posts account for Sunday Jolt activity. Most of them are responses to threads started last week, and thus considered null and void by anyone interested in modernity. User 'a paulo' keeps things current, however, hawking a "rawk show tomorrow night". After careful consideration, it seems that "rawk" is either 1.) a deliberate misspelling of the vernacular "rock", or 2.) a clever acronym for "akrw". Other news of note includes a plug for a "NOHO APT FOR RENT" currently inhabited by ex-Hampshire students- two full fledged alums, and a third one "on leave" but apparently very close by.

Monday, February 24:

Activity dwindles to just 9 posts today, making my job easier and the world just a little less obscene. Conversations of note include "Lemmy, cater to my needs", in which user 'Needy' looks to Jolt-master Lemmy for an all-inclusive campus schedule. Raging comparisons between Grep and the Jolt ensue. A casting call goes out for "Full on the Mouth", a one-act play destined for notoriety-dom at the "Five College WORD Fest". Potential recipients of this 'WORD fest' include audience members, low-altitude birds, and your mother.

Tuesday, February 25:

Screw the context, just read this. "like me: proud to be wimpy and keep my crush on kitty relatively secret. you can't get knocked up in the v[ir]tual backseat of an e-car on the information super-

highway..." {attributed to 'k's choice (Guest)'}
Anywa, another "hot theory" hits the Hampshire Jolt-waves, this time posited by user 'mothersha-booboo?'. Apparently hotness and population are indirectly related, hence the "scarcity principle" which holds that smaller numbers = the ascension of 'average' lookers to 'hottie' status. Things are discussed, nothing is decided, and grammar is corrected with characteristic Jolt disdain.

Wednesday, February 26

More hottie discussion from 'Guest name (Guest)', who thinks people should be a little more forthcoming about their personal preferences. A few brave souls venture forth the initials, work-places, and/or living quarters of their fav Hampshire sexpots.

HOT: R.H, T.C, J.J, T.G, D.E, M.F, R.T

NOT: Alf, StrongMad, the third Olsen twin

Elsewhere people like 'raspberryswirl' ask about "open mics?", and generic organisms like 'Guest name (Guest)' post an "Amusing Song".

Thursday, February 27:

Where 'Guest name (Guest)' is concerned, posting to the Jolt actually proved effective! His/her queries concerning the lack of "webmail" functionality meet with a timely and practical response from 'alanna41'. Result: "glorious. it worked. thanks alanna". While not the first instance of such a timely, direct, concise conversation occurring on the Daily Jolt, it certainly scores a 'Morpheus' on a

scale from 1 to Audiogalaxy.

But really, let's talk about "Sex". "Are there any Hampshire guys out there who would want to get together with a Smith girl for sex, and sex only?" [quote attributed to 'Guest name (Guest)']. A (presumably) different 'Guest name (Guest)' responds with an affirmative "sure", although this has obvious auto-erotic connotations.

Friday, February 28:

The day begins obsequiously enough with a request from 'buffy-acting' for a ride to Amherst. Said ride would need to posit him/her in front of the Peter Pan station sometime between 8:45am and 8:45am. Lamentations about reduced weekend bus transit are raised. In fashion news, user 'rsd00' wants you to "Donate your unwanted t-shirts" so that they may be reborn into vessels of patriotic dissent. Anti-war technicians in the Art Barn will be silk-screening relevant slogans like onto said t-shirts like hot butter on naughty-bits. While admittedly less sexually arousing, there may still be an inflammatory response. Props to 'beebelbrox' for the weekly invite of the immediate world to "CHESS!" on Sunday.

Saturday, March 1:

A brief discussion of "field study and moments of reflection" allow user 'Guest name (Guest)' to give shout-outs all the way from Italy. According to her (actual gender noted during course of thread) description, "italy is real nice. the wine flows like water and the water flows with rodents of unusual size." This could be a

reference to tourists.

'PranksterGod' informs all those concerned of the school-girl Russian duet TATU, best known for sub-par pop-electronica and making out. User 'sushiesque' confirms their relative worth, stating "The dvd of their video is available for purchase at Newbury Comics for 99 cents." I've bought magnets at Newbury for twice that- but then again, they can counteract the force of gravity.

Sunday, March 2:

One 'gonzo (Guest)' caught Pub Safety in the middle of a hostile keg takeover! Check out the pics! On the political front, user 'usually a green (Guest)' asks "Should You Vote for Dean?". Discussion goes on for several days, revealing that Dean or somebody besides Dean will become the next president. Others are wondering about a Hampshire "Yearbook", and whether its purported existence is factual or an urbane-legend. User 'Guest name (Guest)' recalls some Div III's trying to gather funding last year, but is unsure of their success. What are some possible names for said yearbook? Vote for your favorite!

- 1.) Sic Biscuitis Disintegrat
- 2.) Division Thank-God-I-Can-Leave
- 3.) Future Endowment Prospectus

Monday, March 3:

True, one could go to the RCC to hear faculty and students talk about the war. But user 'Guest name (Guest)' would rather have a "Love-In on Wednesday". S/he calls for a "Group orgy against the war", whereby hot indiscriminate sex could be used to protest the oft-overlooked number of brothels bombed during any war. On the other hand 'Joe G' believes masturbation is the true path to peace,

and backs up his claim with several witty limericks we've all come to know and tolerate. User 'scritch-blow' is more interested in kicking back with some good flicks about DJs and hip-hop, and 'shoopeedoop' is feeling "GROOVY".

Tuesday, March 4:

Quality philosophic waxings over the state of the mods is a topic of some note. It begins with user 'T (Guest)' looking for the "Best mod?" to move into next year, then moves on to points of contrast/ comparison. Divisions are established between party life, prevalence of older students, and relative distances to areas of campus. In the end, it's all summed up by 'Guest name (Guest)'. !!Special Feature - Mix and Match!!

1. Greenwich
2. Enfield
3. Prescott
4. Merril/Dakin
5. Grenfieldscotlkin
 - a.) "annoying hippies, big mods"
 - b.) "infinitely annoying first years"
 - c.) "lots o quiet weirdoes"
 - d.) "snobby social climbers, big boring parties, coke"
 - e.) John Woo, Chris Rock, and other simpering clods

Wednesday, March 5:

Reactions to "Wednesday's Strike" appear throughout the day. Whatever you just thought after reading the last sentence was probably discussed. In addition, a lot of people were miffed about have lunch moved to the RCC. Take user 'jeninephobe' for instance, who missed lunch in favor of his/her 12:10 bus to Amherst. Simply put: "anti-war rallies shouldn't create hungry people! no no no!"

Thursday, March 6:

A poem:
Restless Hampshire-ites take note

as Friday last approacheth. 'Guest name (Guest)' dons travel garb and goes in search of "part-AY". Of responses there are several, pointing towards the Tavern. And with a trace of clairvoyance, we find ourselves in privy. To auspices of "hot" and "yeah boy", as described by eager benders. While Amherst trappings face a stoning, so quashed by local festive pride. Other quests concern the comic of an e-authority. Indeed 'tis Lemmy who is begged how best to be SNES-fied.

Friday, March 7:

Wave goodbye to The Forward, and hello to the "climax". Some discussion about the newest newspaper to hit campus yields usual kvetchings about typos and writing skill. Overall reception seems sub-luke-warm, although user 'teehoe' manages a small compliment. Others are more concerned with "driving to NYC?", and mistakes in the "Jolt weather". 'fact checker (Guest)' admittedly has trouble understanding how it can be -7 on the Jolt and 25 in Amherst. Also of note are wishes for a "Happy Birthday!" from user 'Aaron B'. However it is soon revealed by 'periaeria' that this post is simply a play to appear in The Daily Jolt Roundup. . .

Saturday, March 8:

Ok look. Obviously having a username is no better than being anonymous, 'cos one can pick random names like 'lankgrrr172' or 'Mr. Obsequious'. But when the entirety of a thread consists of posts by 'Guest name (Guest)'s, there is a SERIOUS breach of validity. In recognition of this opinion, I can only report that user 'supremeato' claims there is a "free show @ Iron horse".





THE CHAIN POLL QUESTION

Ms. McNamara: Would you rather have bed head or hat hair?

Katie Sapp: Bed head. Because it can be confused with sexhair.

Ms. Mc: Tell me a poll question involving bed head.

Katie: What is the best way to cure bed head?

Justin: A shower.

Ms. Mc: Tell me a poll question involving showering.

Justin: To pee or not to pee?

Alex: To pee or not to pee? You want me to answer? To pee.

Ms. Mc: Tell me a poll question involving pee.

Alex: Do you eat yellow snow?

Becca: Well, I haven't...yet.

Ms. Mc: Tell me a poll question involving something you haven't done yet.

Becca: How much money would you require to rub your best friend's shit all over your face?

Ms. Mc: eeww.

Becca: Well, I asked someone that and she said one hundred dollars.

Josey: How about ten thousand.

Ms. Mc: Tell me a poll question involving ten thousand.

Josey: Out of the last 10,000 words you've said, how many were swears?

Emma: I don't fucking know.

Ms. Mc: Tell me a poll question involving something you don't fucking know.

Emma: What is the key to Lauri's heart?

Shane: Rock and roll. Experience has proven that to be the key to Lauri's heart.

Ms. Mc: Tell me a poll question involving rock and roll.

Shane: What does it take to be a successful rockstar in this day and age?

Bernadette: Good clothes. Creativity. Drugs. Good hair.

Ms. Mc: Tell me a poll question involving drugs and good hair.

Bernadette: What is the correlation between good hair and drug use?

Trevor: There's no singular one, is there? Greasy hair not on purpose-drug addict. Greasy hair on purpose-drug dealer.

Ms. Mc: Tell me a poll question involving greasy hair.

Trevor: What is the deal with all the people with greasy hair at this school?

Akiva: It's the same as the deal with people with unshaven legs. They have different standards of grooming.

Ms. Mc: Tell me a poll question involving standards of grooming.

Akiva: What is the most allowable amount of facial hair desirable on a partner be they man or woman?

Sheldo: The answer is different for me for each gender. If a woman has a mustache I don't have a problem with that. I think it's hot but a beard is a little too

much. For a man I like beards but no handlebar mustaches.

Ms. Mc: Tell me a poll question involving handlebar mustaches.

Sheldo: What's the longest length acceptable for a handlebar mustache?

Sensitive Guy: That would depend on the handsize of the female involved.

Ms. Mc: Tell me a poll question involving handsize.

Sensitive Guy: How many walnuts would fit in the hand of a German undertaker?

James: If they were stacked I would say ten if you tied hard enough.

Ms. Mc: Tell me a poll question involving stacking something.

James: How many oranges could you stack in a standard size plastic grocery crate?

Jenn: Eighty is my answer.

Ms. Mc: Tell me a poll question involving eighty.

Jenn: In 1980, what is the worst thing that happened?

Frank "the world" Padellaro: John Lennon died.

Ms. Mc: Tell me a poll question involving John Lennon.

Frank "the world" Padellaro: Would you rather give John Lennon a 45 minute ride to the airport as his driver or go to a Bar-BeQue with Sean Lennon or go to Club Med with Julian Lennon?

Kathryn: I'd go with "A".

Ms. Mc: Tell me a poll question involving a drive to the airport.

Kathryn: You're in bumper-to-bumper traffic to the airport. You look in the car next to you and it's Christina Aguilera.

What do you do?
Aja: I'd really probably get out of my car and crawl into hers and act really appealing and sexy and ask her if she wants to get dirty.

Ms. Mc: Tell me a poll question involving crawling and dirt.

Aja: What activity are you taking part in when you find yourself on your hands and knees getting dirty?

Jeanine: Gardening.

Ms. Mc: Tell me a poll question involving gardening.

Jeanine: What is your favorite plant you'd like to have in your backyard?

Christopher: Daffodils.

Ms. Mc: Tell me a poll question about daffodils.

Christopher: What do you immediately associate with daffodils?

Emily: I don't know, summertime?

Ms. Mc: Tell me a poll question about summertime.

Emily: What is your favorite thing to do on a summer afternoon?

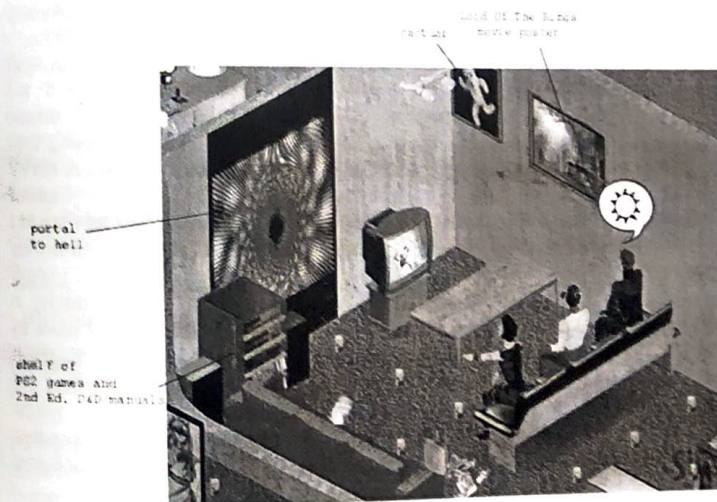
NOTE from Ms. Mc: I end the chain poll here with the wish of summer afternoons to hurry to us here in the wintry Northeast not only for the daffodils' sakes but for the sake of my out-of-control heating bill.

Old Business: I must include an answer I was given for last issue's poll, "What would you sacrifice to stop a war in..." which I had regrettably misplaced:



IRAQ	Kathryn N KOREA	NYC
My right breast	My left breast	I have no more breasts. There is only so much one woman can sacrifice

DAKIN G-2: MORE SIMS EXPERIENCE



Mona, Anna and Dana Play Super Smash Bros.

by: Jeffrey Paternostro

the third issue of the *Omen* this semester. That is quite an impressive feat. Kudos to you in your pursuit of distancing yourself from *The Forward*, despite using it's template and funding. Well, you have to start somewhere. I eagerly await your ill-conceived challenge to a brawl.

- Unedited /WWF fiction
courtesy of Women of Wres-
tling Erotic Fiction Archive
(www.wowefa.com)

Kurt lifts his ass
a bit as Stephanie
pulls his trunk
down unveiling his
8 inch member
Steph licks her
lips in delight as
she takes the cock
in her hand and
begins to slowly
stroke it, Kurt just
sits there staring at
this hot ass woman
stroking his cock,
but than an idea
pops into Stephs
head, she stands
up only a bit, and
undoes her bra, and
lets it fall to the
floor, she takes
her perfect tits

and sandwiches Kurt's cock between then, Kurt smiles at her knowing whats coming next (no pun intended) Steph then begins to rise and lower herself stroking Kurt cock with her tits, Kurt is in amazment not knowing Steph had it in her!"

**-homepage3.nifty.com/
ookami3gou/flash/genki.html**

Best non-homestarrunner, non-squirrel based flash animation ever. Speaking of

-www.homestarrunner.com

-www.amlnakedornot.com

Hours of endless fun, as people all over the internet take pictures they probably found on porn sites, and put it in one central location for the purpose of rating a completely objective standard.

-users.rcn.com/pcombs/
\$\$tablecontents.html

Fun story of capitalist incompetence.

And that's it. Really. Well, maybe there are some web comics and porn sites out there worth seeing, but that's about it. Of course, I know nothing about porn. Wink Wink nudge nudge.

"The internet is a place where absolutely nothing happens."

- Strong Bad

Until Next Time

Until next time, if (when) I decide to half ass another article, I'll just submit kitties like everyone else.



MY DIV III CAN KICK YOUR DIV III'S ASS

by Beth Day

My First Div III

5/2/20

3

[illegible]

The Forward

Hampshire College, Amherst MA • forward@hampshire.edu •

Dead x-(

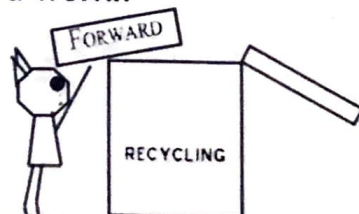
19?? - 2003

"A Little Song (Before Climax)" (to the tune of the "Dreidel Song")

F is for my Favorite and the
O is for Oh My!
R is for so Righteous and the
W for Why?
 (Because we love you!)
A is for not Always
 Although they always try,
 another
R's redundant, the
D is for survive!!
 (Because we need you!)

Forward! Forward! Forward!
You mean so much to me!
Drive the cattle forward,
So that we may see,
That what you do is what you say
Since the Forward staff is paid.
Nevermind what we all think,
Just as long as you get laid -
 (Out before the deadline!)
The Forward says what we all don't,
That's because it's just a joke.
 (HA HA HA HA)
Ah we love the Forward -
Keep up the good work!!

*The Article Goblins
bury the Forward!*



The "Forward Fugue" (to the tune of the "Dreidel Song")

F is for Finally,
 ('cause its about time!)
O is for over,
 (i won't use the same line!)
R is for your readership,
 which you could not maintain!
W is for Workstudy,
 Getting paid for that was lame!
A is for An office,
 which will soon be ours,
R is for Recycling, and
D is for survive!!
 (Even though you didn't!)

Forward! Forward! Forward!
You meant so much to me!
The cattle are all gone now,
You left so suddenly!
I'll be missing all your writers,
Especially Michael Moore,
I just can't wait to see,
What the Clilmax has in store!
Yes! The Climax is your new name,
I hope it lasts quite long,
Oh shit! It just folded,
Now lets all sing along!
 (Reprise)
We'll out last your Climax,
We always knew we could!